



The Adventures of

Robin Hood



JUNE
NO.6
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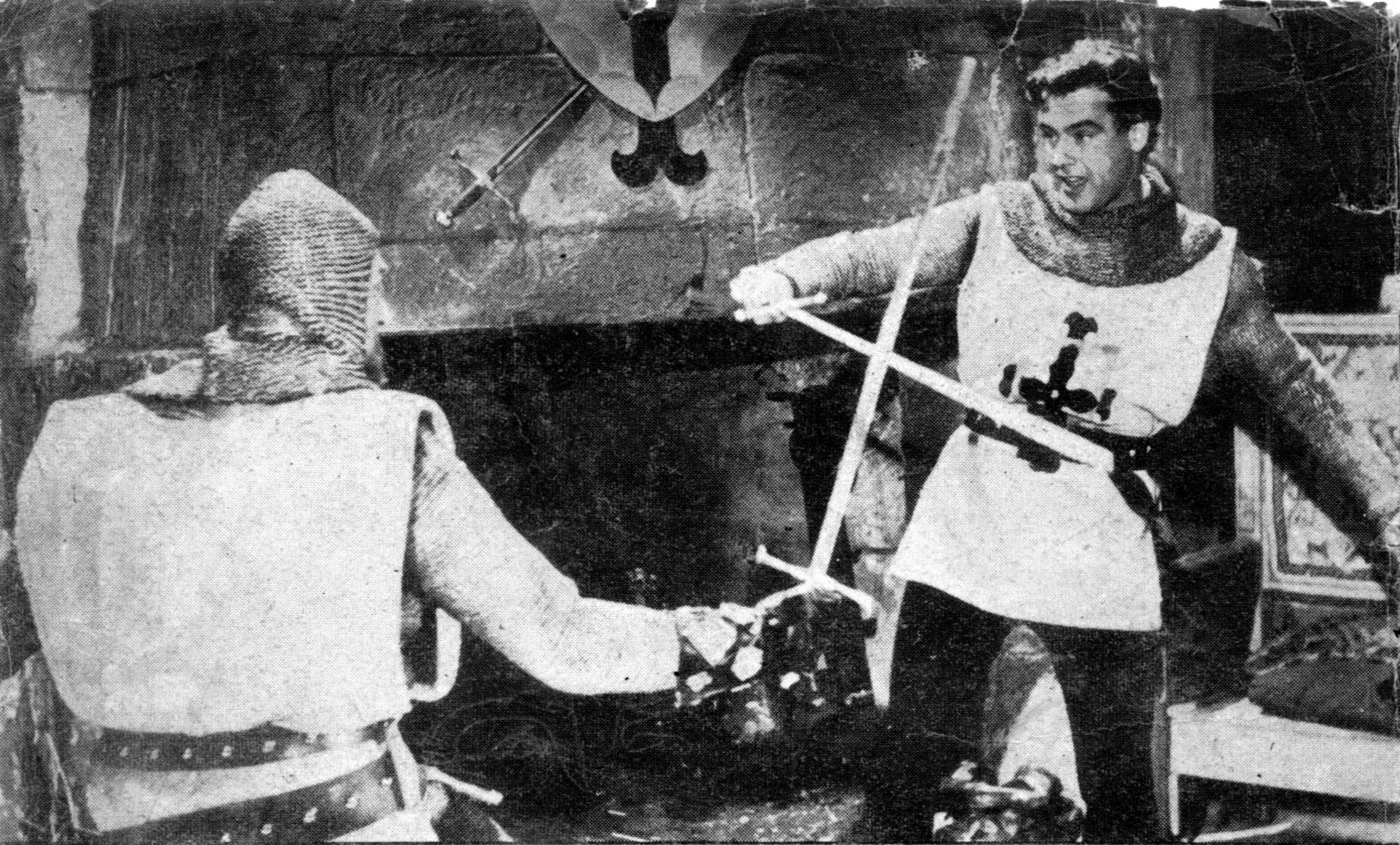


RICHARD GREENE
TELEVISION'S
ROBIN HOOD

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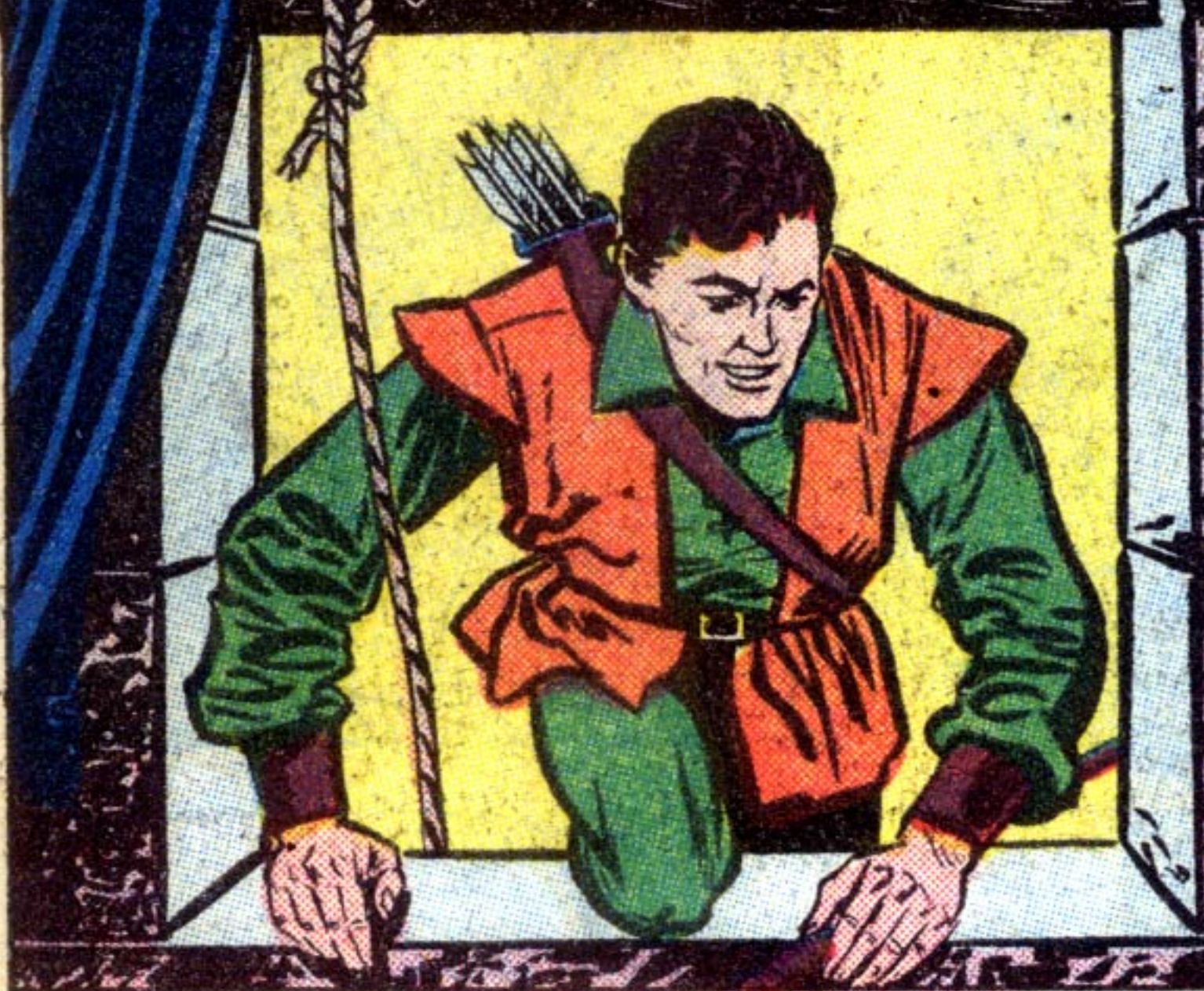
SWORDS cross and blur as Robin Hood, wearing the uniform of a man-at-arms instead of his usual Lincoln green, battles the enemy in his well-guarded castle!

NEEDLE and thread in the hands of Maid Marion are repairing Little John's torn coat. Robin Hood, whose face is hidden, probably grins at this domestic scene.

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Robin Hood

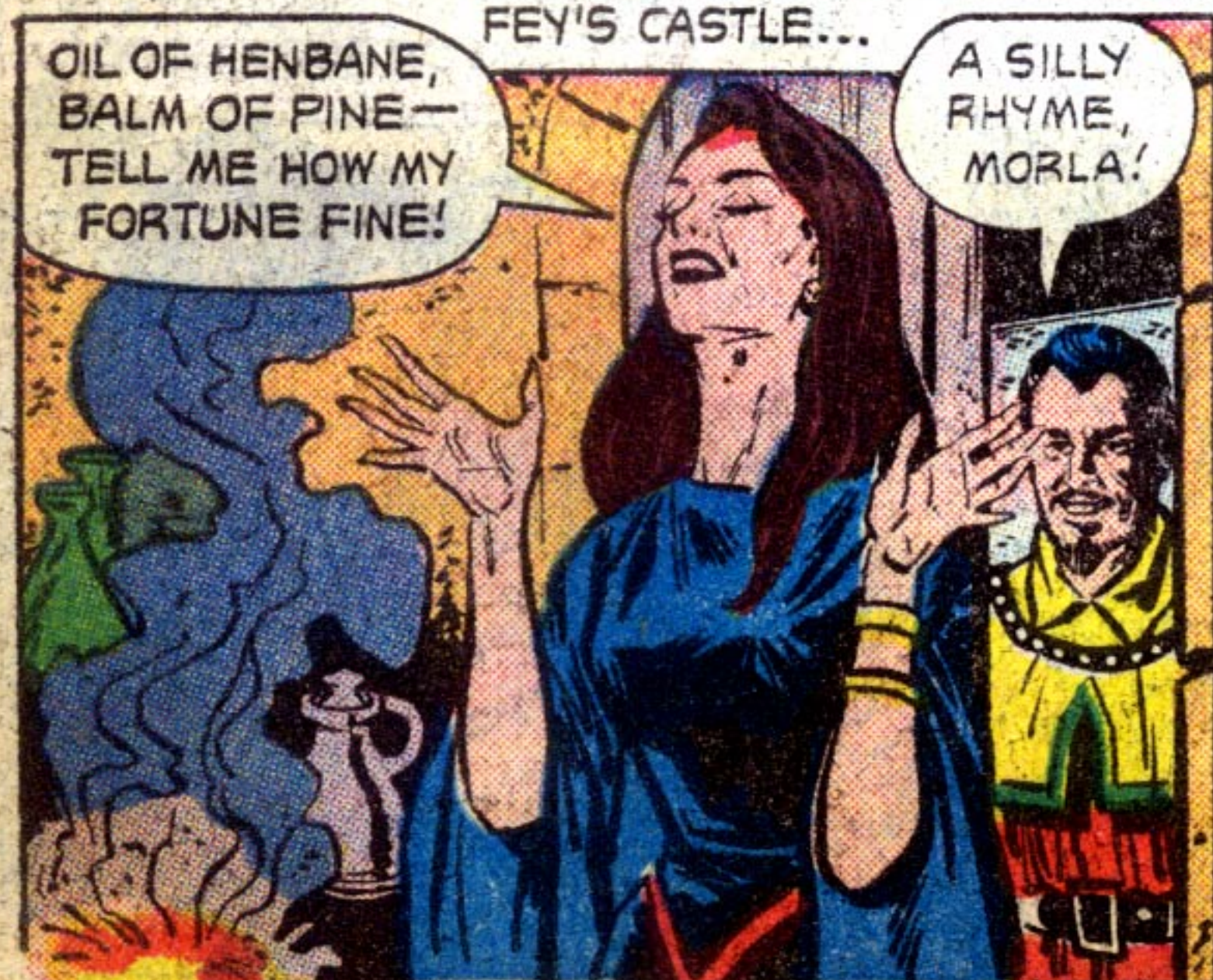


ROBIN HOOD EXPECTS TO FIND MAID MARIAN HERE. INSTEAD, HE WILL FIND MORLA LE FEY WAITING TO TRAP HIM FOR PRINCE JOHN!

MORLA LE FEY IS THE EVIL ENCHANTRESS OF ENGLAND, HIRED BY PRINCE JOHN TO CAST A SPELL ON ROBIN HOOD—AND SO LEAD HIM A PRISONER TO THE MANACLES WAITING TO CLAMP HIS WRISTS. UNAWARE THAT MORLA PLANS THIS TREACHERY, ROBIN FALLS EASY VICTIM TO HER GUILF, FOR MORLA DOES NOT DIRECTLY ATTACK THE MASTER OF SHERWOOD FOREST. SHE FIRST PLANS TO ARRANGE FOR THE—

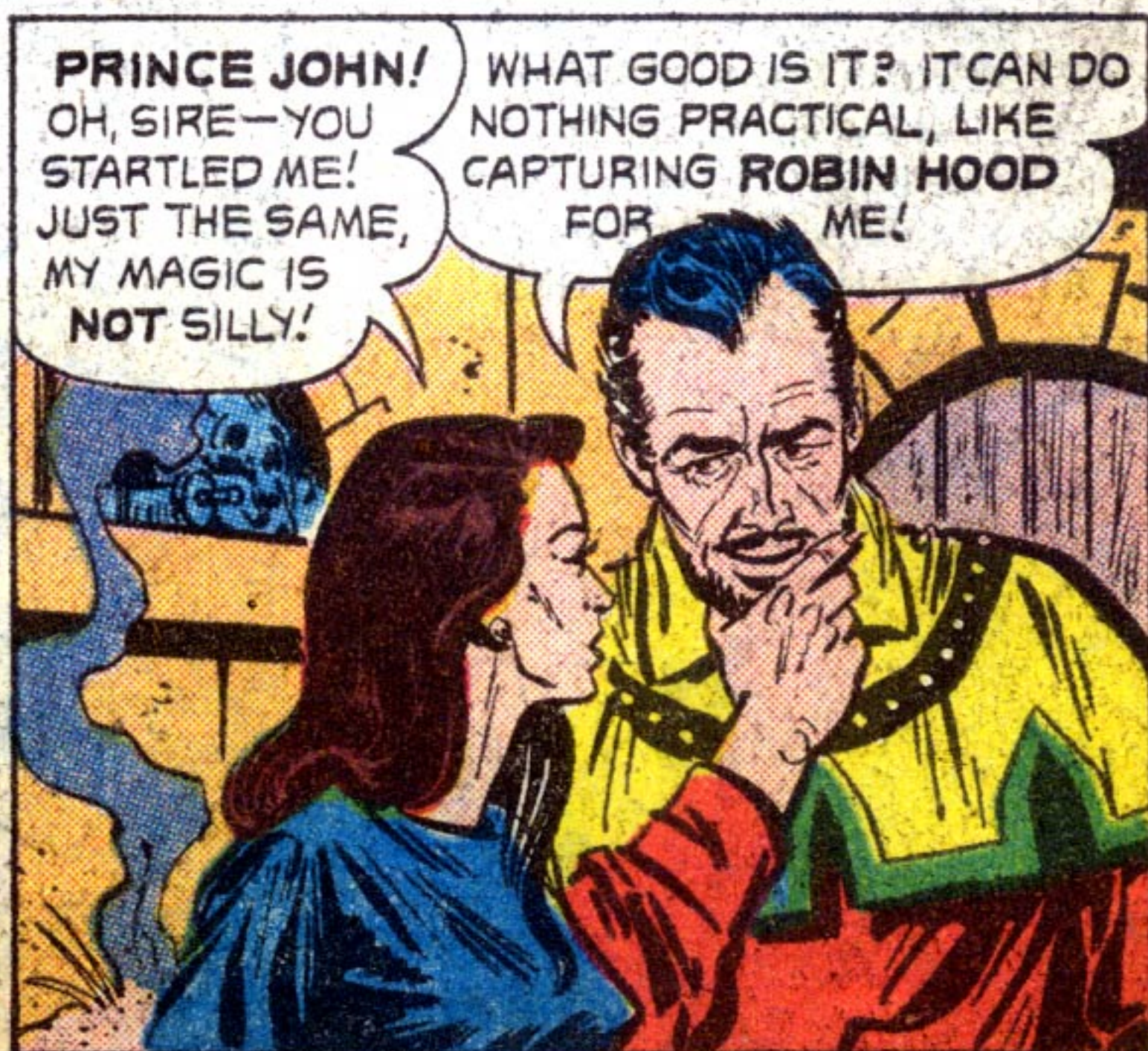
CAPTURE OF MAID MARIAN

A PALL OF BLACK SMOKE RISES GRIM AND SOMBRE FROM A DUNGEON ROOM OF MORLA LE FEY'S CASTLE...



OIL OF HENBANE, BALM OF PINE—TELL ME HOW MY FORTUNE FINE!

A SILLY RHYME, MORLA!



PRINCE JOHN! OH, SIRE—YOU STARTLED ME! JUST THE SAME, MY MAGIC IS NOT SILLY!

WHAT GOOD IS IT? IT CAN DO NOTHING PRACTICAL, LIKE CAPTURING ROBIN HOOD FOR ME!



ALL THESE JEWELS ARE YOURS, IF YOU CAN DO THAT, MAGIC OR NO MAGIC!

IT SHALL BE DONE! MY WORD ON IT!



SOME DAYS LATER, IN SHERWOOD FOREST—

HELP! SOMEONE PLEASE HELP AN OLD BEGGAR WOMAN...



HERE, GRANNY! LEAN ON MY ARM! I WILL LEAD YOU TO A WARM FIRE AND FOOD!

BLESS 'EE, MY CHILD. BLESS 'EE! AND WHAT WILL YOUR NAME BE, MY PRETTY MAID?



I'M KNOWN AS MAID MARIAN, THE FRIEND OF ROBIN HOOD!

AH, YES—HIM AS DOES SUCH GOOD DEEDS AS FEEDING THE POOR AND PROTECTING THE WEAK. A GOOD MAN, SAME AS YOU ARE A GOOD WOMAN, MY DEAR.



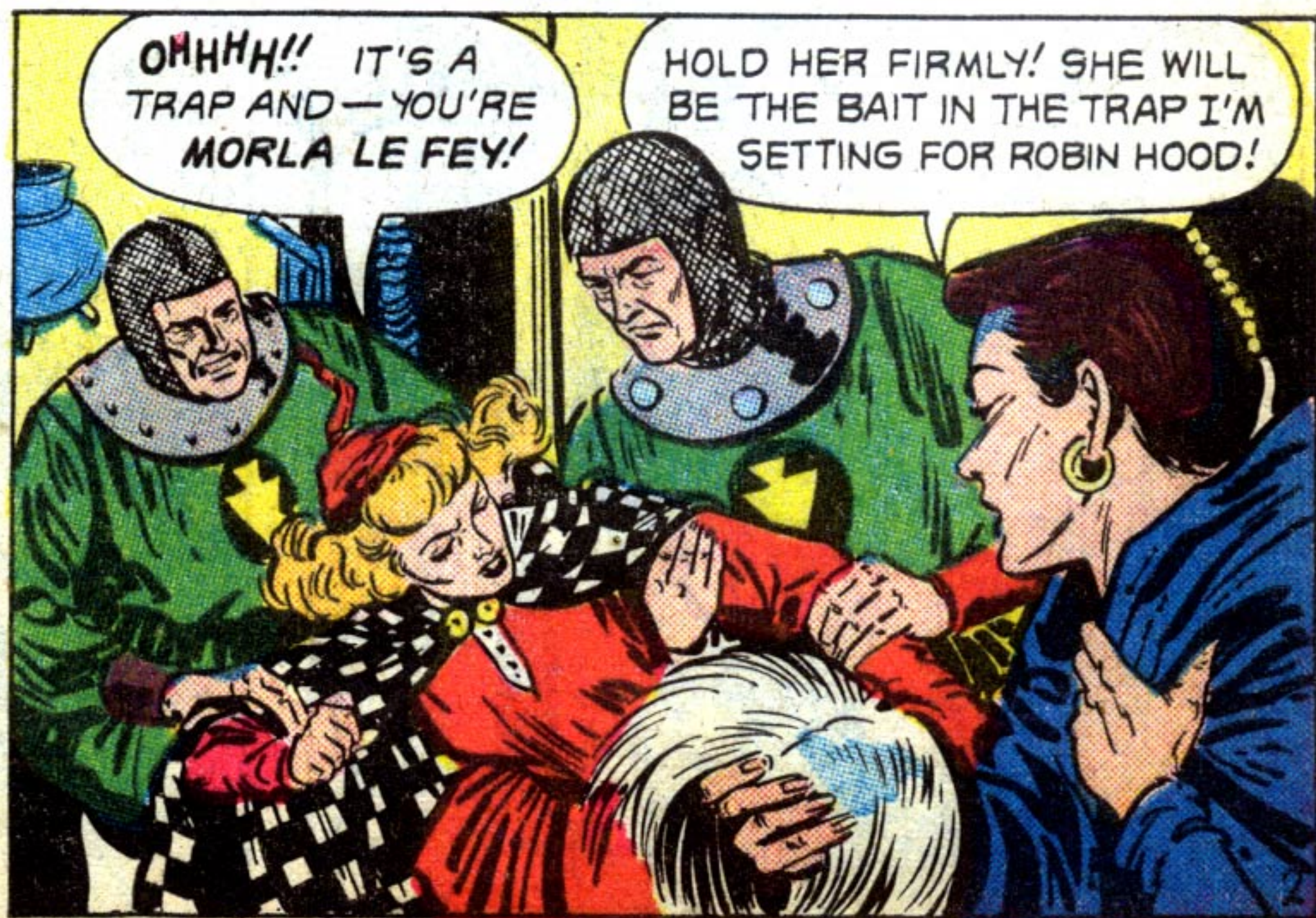
I'LL ESCORT YOU HOME, GRANNY.

BLESS 'EE A HUNDRED TIMES FOR THY KINDNESS!

TOWARD DUSK, MAID MARIAN AND THE BEGGARWOMAN ARRIVE AT A THATCH-ROOFED HUT. THE MAID DOES NOT NOTICE HOW THE OLD WOMAN GROWS STRONGER, AND HER VOICE MORE CULTURED...



JUST COME IN WITH ME A MOMENT, PLEASE. I HAVE SOME THINGS TO SHOW YOU—



OH!!! IT'S A TRAP AND—YOU'RE MORLA LE FEY!

HOLD HER FIRMLY! SHE WILL BE THE BAIT IN THE TRAP I'M SETTING FOR ROBIN HOOD!



ALL THESE JEWELS ARE YOURS, IF YOU CAN DO THAT, MAGIC OR NO MAGIC!

IT SHALL BE DONE! MY WORD ON IT!



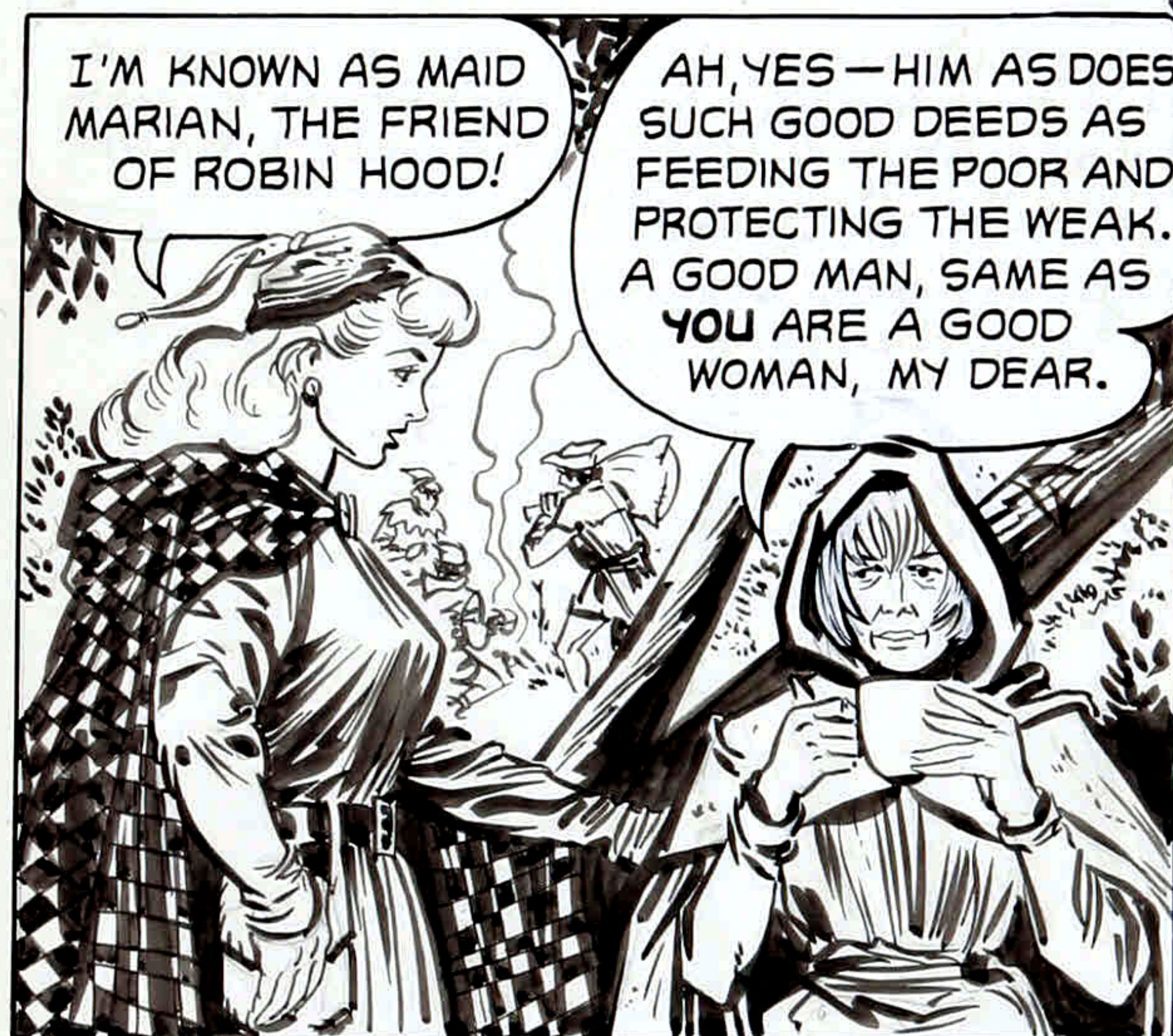
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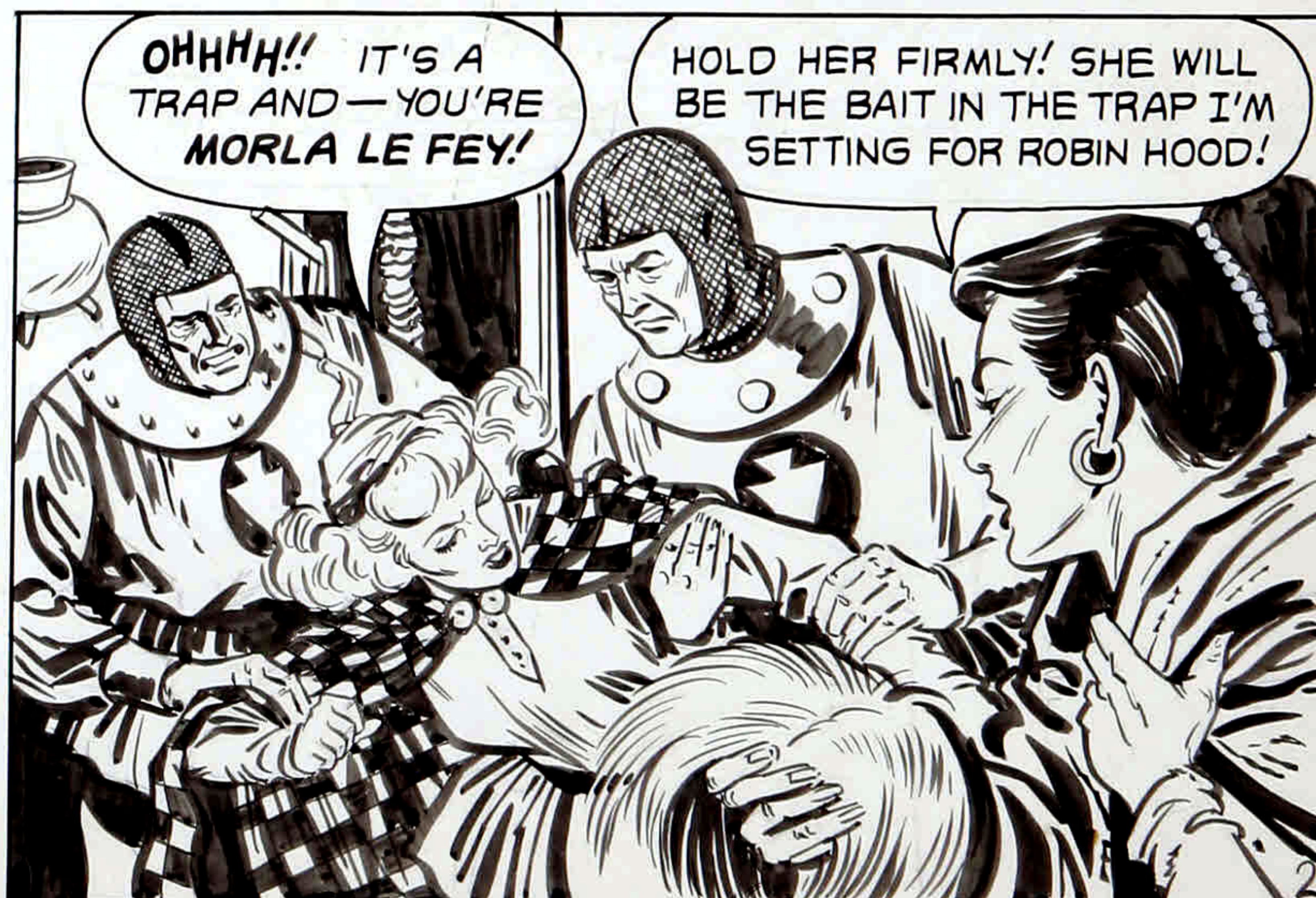
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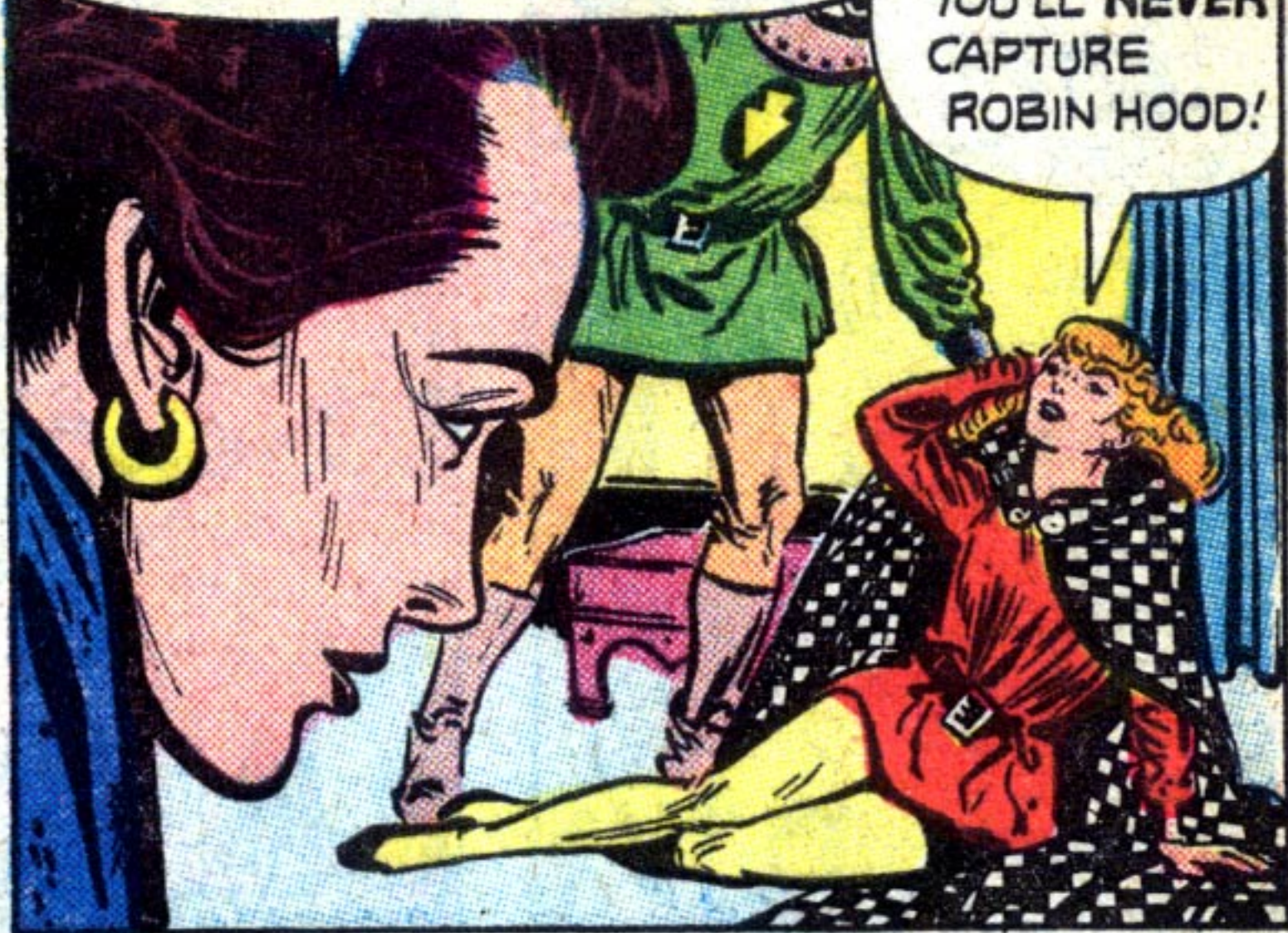
HOLD HER FIRMLY! SHE WILL BE THE BAIT IN THE TRAP I'M SETTING FOR ROBIN HOOD!

BRING HER ALONG THIS UNDERGROUND TUNNEL THAT LEADS FROM THE HUT TO MY CASTLE! I'VE PREPARED A TOWER ROOM FOR HER, AND A SCORE OF TRAPS FOR ROBIN HOOD WHEN HE COMES TO RESCUE HER!



THIS IS WHERE YOU'LL STAY, MY BEAUTY. AFTER I'VE CAPTURED YOUR FRIEND, I'LL LET YOU GO!

THEN I'LL STAY FOR-
EVER, FOR
YOU'LL NEVER
CAPTURE
ROBIN HOOD!



AS THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HER, MAID MARIAN SEARCHES THE TOWER ROOM, AND DISCOVERS A QUILL PEN, AN INKSTAND, AND WRITING PARCHMENT...

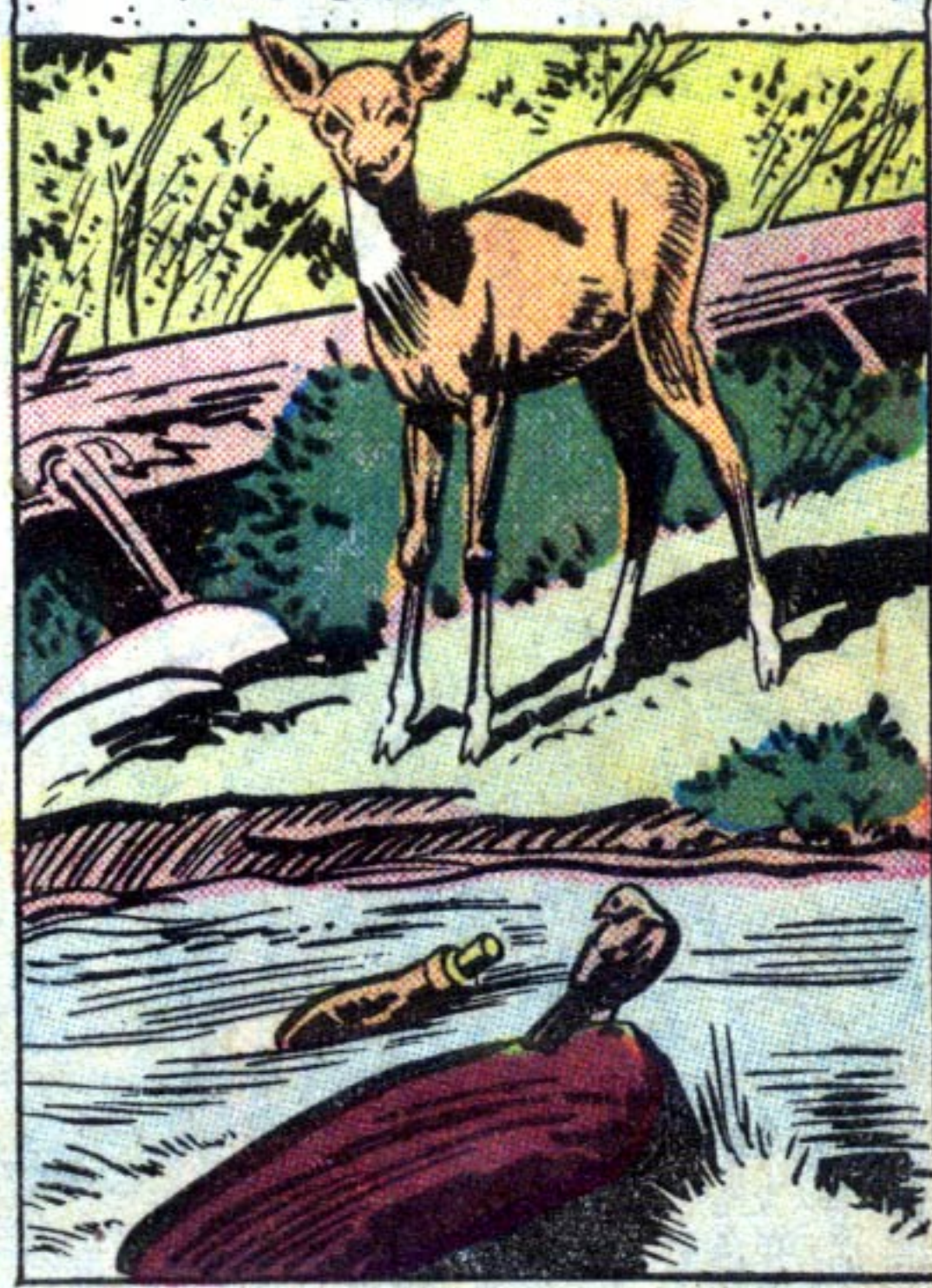
I'LL SEND A NOTE TO ROBIN, WARNING HIM OF WHAT MORLA PLANS!



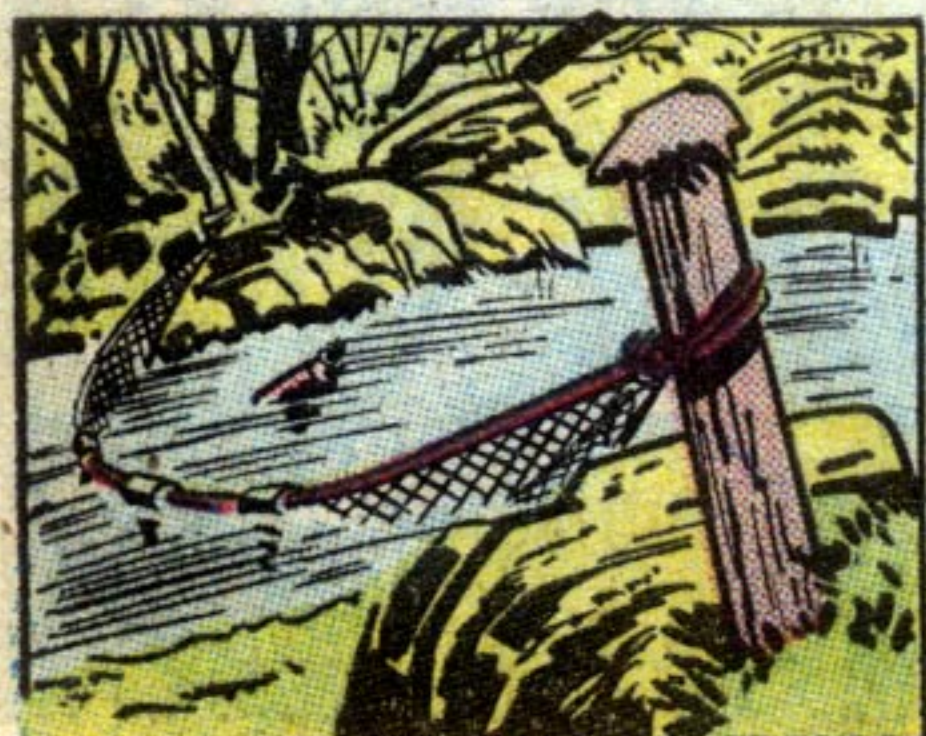
THIS LEATHER WATER BOTTLE IS CORKED TIGHT. IT WILL FLOAT, WHEN IT LANDS IN THE RIVER BELOW. IT WILL CARRY THE NOTE INSIDE IT TO THE CAMP OF THE MERRY MEN!



CAUGHT BY THE RIVER CURRENT, THE BOTTLE BOBS AND DIPS IN THE WATER AS IT IS SWEEPED ALONG...



SPREAD ACROSS THE RIVER, CLOSE BY THE CAMP OF THE MERRY MEN, IS A STRONG NET. HERE ARE COLLECTED ALL SORTS AND MANNERS OF BOTTLED NOTES, FOR THIS IS THE RIVER POST OFFICE OF THE MERRY MEN, AND ONE OF THEIR WAYS OF COMMUNICATING WITH ONE ANOTHER IN THE WILDWOOD...



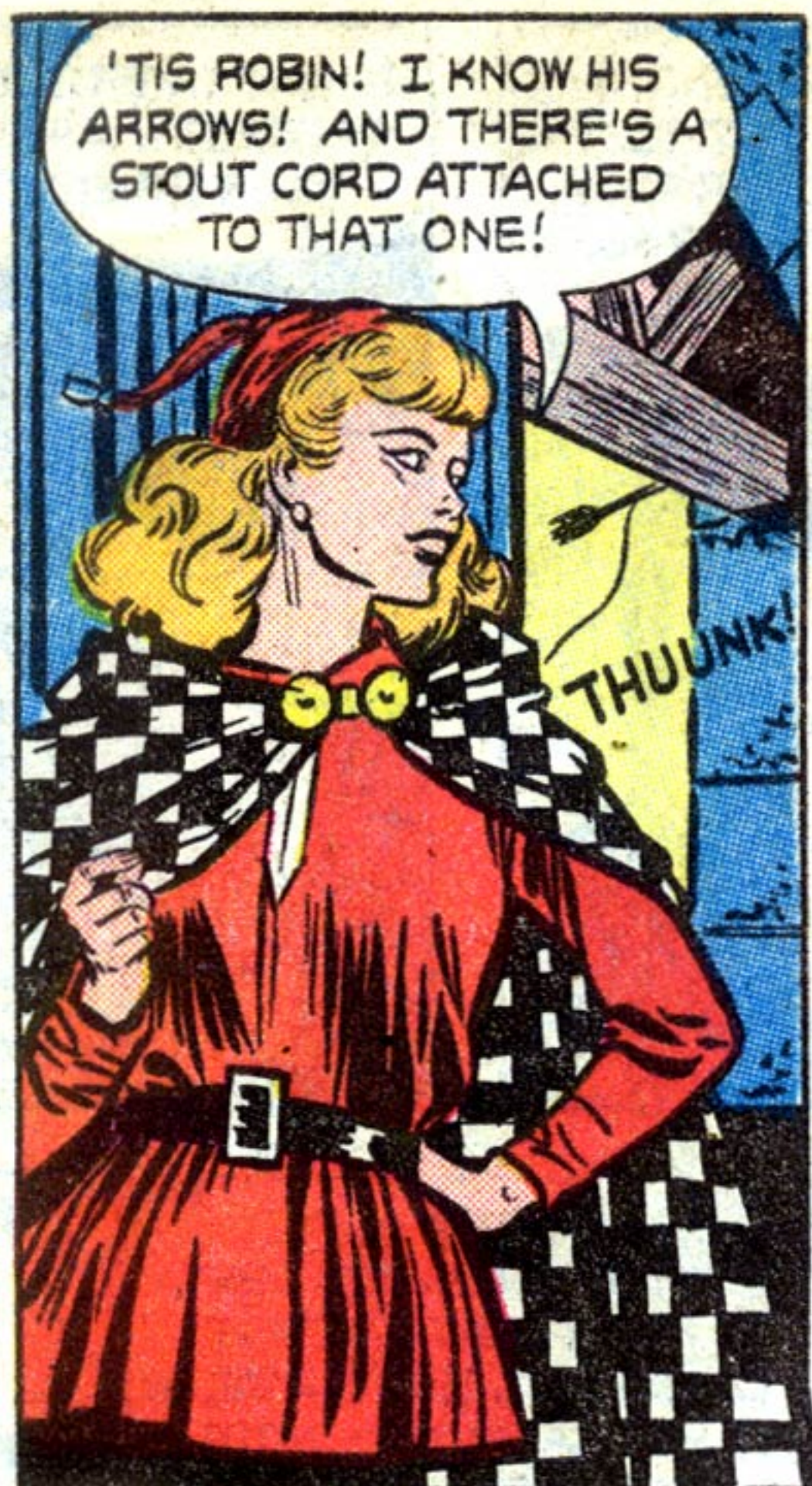
THIS NOTE WAS FOUND IN THIS LEATHER BOTTLE AT THE NET, ROBIN. 'TIS A LETTER FROM MAID MARIAN. SHE'S BEEN TAKEN PRISONER BY MORLA LE FEY!





BY SHORTCUTS THROUGH THE FOREST, THE MASTER OF SHERWOOD FOREST COMES AT LAST TO CASTLE EYRIE...

IF MORLA LE FEY EXPECTS ME TO GO IN BY A DOOR OR DRAW-BRIDGE, SHE'S GOING TO BE BADLY DIS-APPOINTED!



'TIS ROBIN! I KNOW HIS ARROWS! AND THERE'S A STOUT CORD ATTACHED TO THAT ONE!

THUUNK!

SHARP EYES SEE MAID MARIAN AS SHE DRAWS UP THE ROPE AND KNOTS IT TO A STONE WINDOW DECORATION—



AFTER ALL THE TRAPS I'VE PREPARED— ROBIN WILL AVOID THEM ALL!



NO! ROBIN SHAN'T ESCAPE ME! IF HE CAN TRY TRICKERY, SO CAN I! WHILE HE CLIMBS TO MEET MAID MARIAN—



—I WILL BE PREPAR-ING TO WELCOME HIM IN HER PLACE!

GIVE ME THAT CLOAK YOU WEAR, YOU WENCH!



DID YOU CALL, HIGH-NESS?

AYE, I CALLED! HOLD THE WENCH OFF ME, UNTIL I CAN DON HER CLOAK!



ALL WILL GO WELL IF I DON'T HAVE TO TALK!

MAID MARIAN...!



SSSH!

I'LL SPEAK NO WORD, FAIR MAID. IF WE'RE SILENT, WE CAN'T BETRAY OURSELVES!



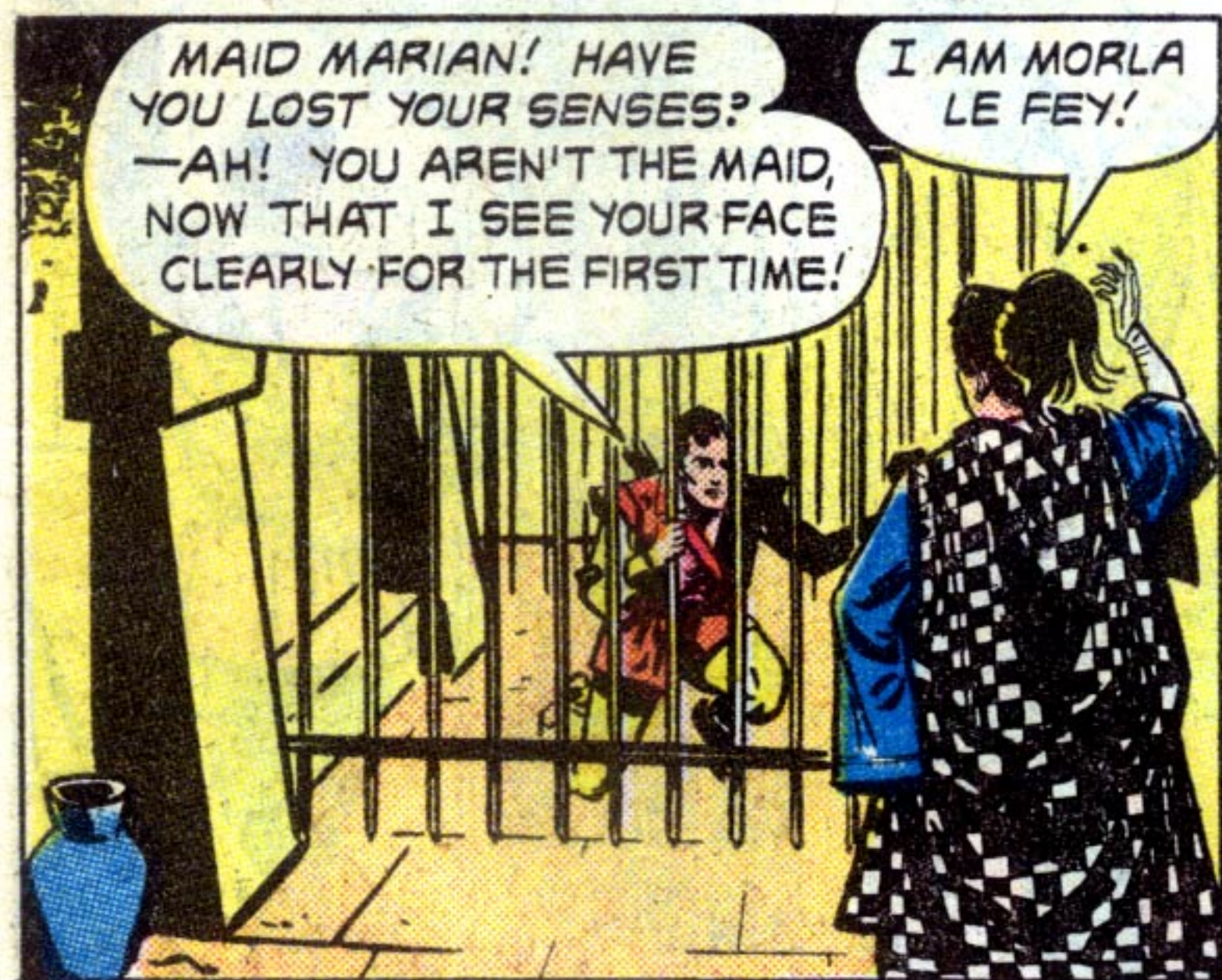
LET ME GO FIRST, FOR THERE THE DANGER LIES. 'T WAS MY INTENTION TO TAKE MORLA PRISONER ONCE INSIDE HER CASTLE AND USE HER AS HOSTAGE FOR OUR RELEASE! BUT SHE KEEPS HERSELF WELL HID! —HA!

FOOL! GO FIRST—RIGHT INTO ONE OF MY TRAPS!



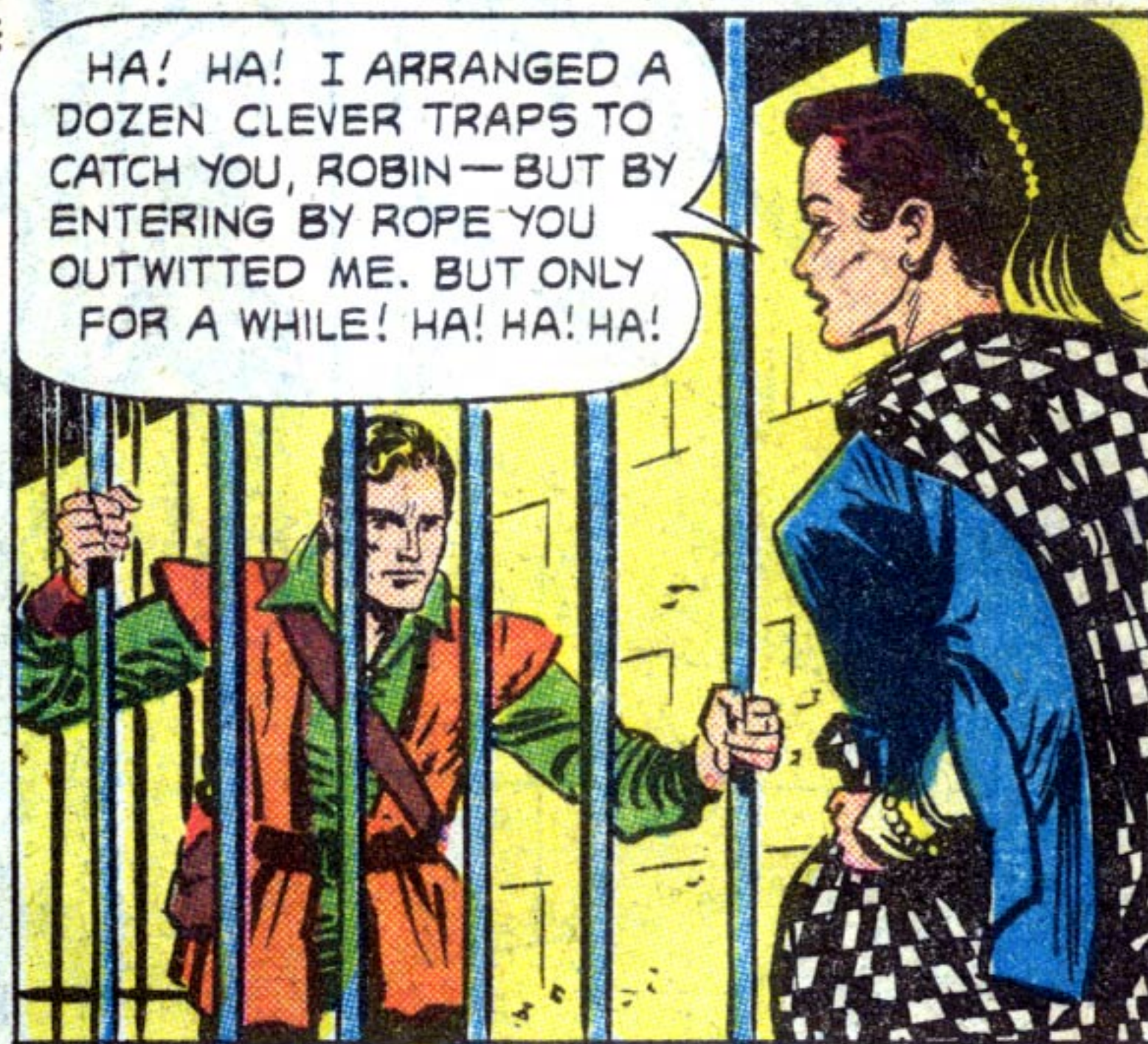
THIS HANDLE THAT JUTS FROM THE WALL WILL DROP HEAVY IRON BARS AROUND YOU WHEN I THROW IT!

THERE IS NO WARNING. FAINT AND FAR AWAY, THERE IS THE RUMBLE OF HIDDEN MACHINERY. THEN—

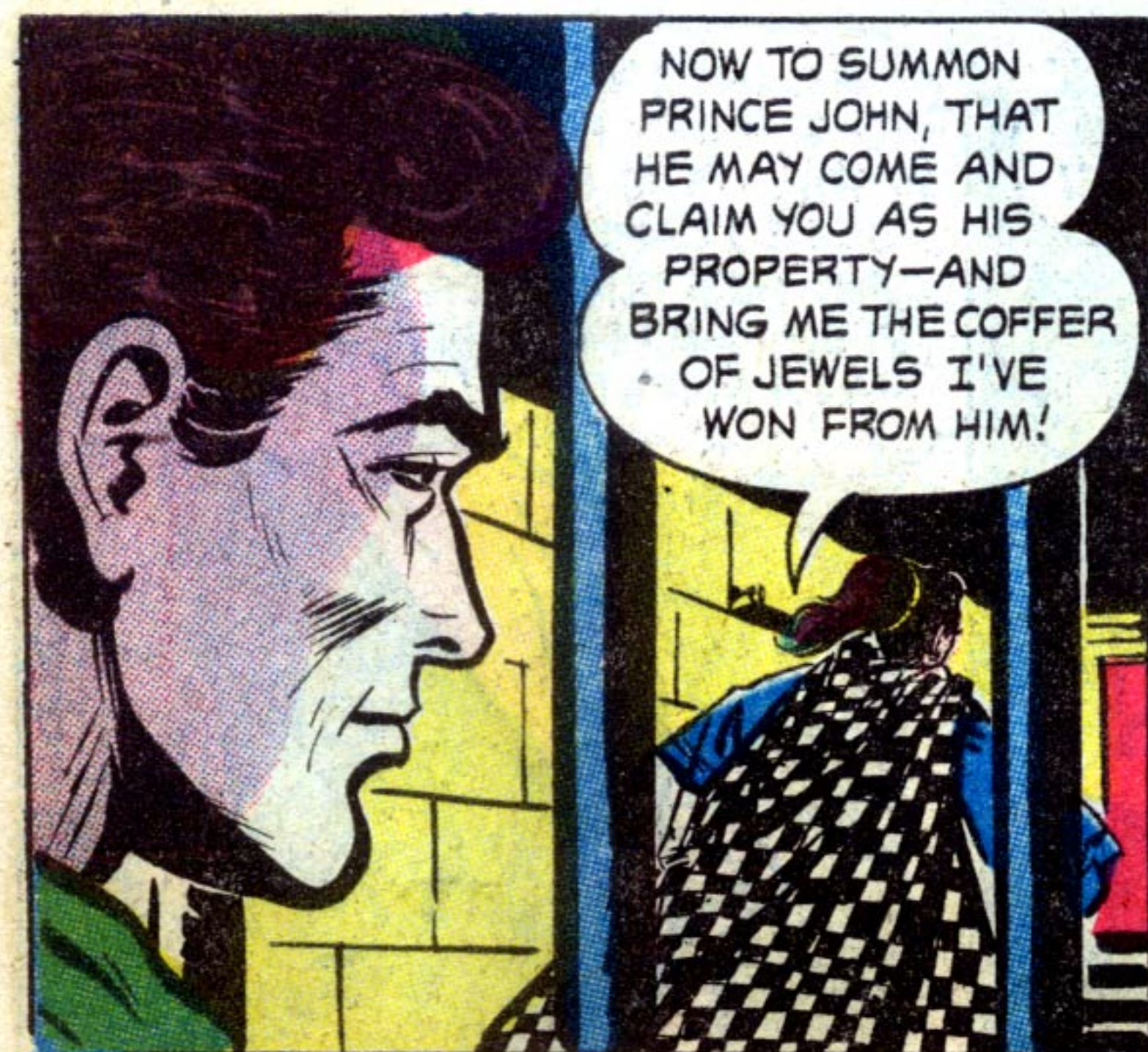


MAID MARIAN! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR SENSES? —AH! YOU AREN'T THE MAID, NOW THAT I SEE YOUR FACE CLEARLY FOR THE FIRST TIME!

I AM MORLA LE FEY!



HA! HA! I ARRANGED A DOZEN CLEVER TRAPS TO CATCH YOU, ROBIN— BUT BY ENTERING BY ROPE YOU OUTWITTED ME. BUT ONLY FOR A WHILE! HA! HA! HA!

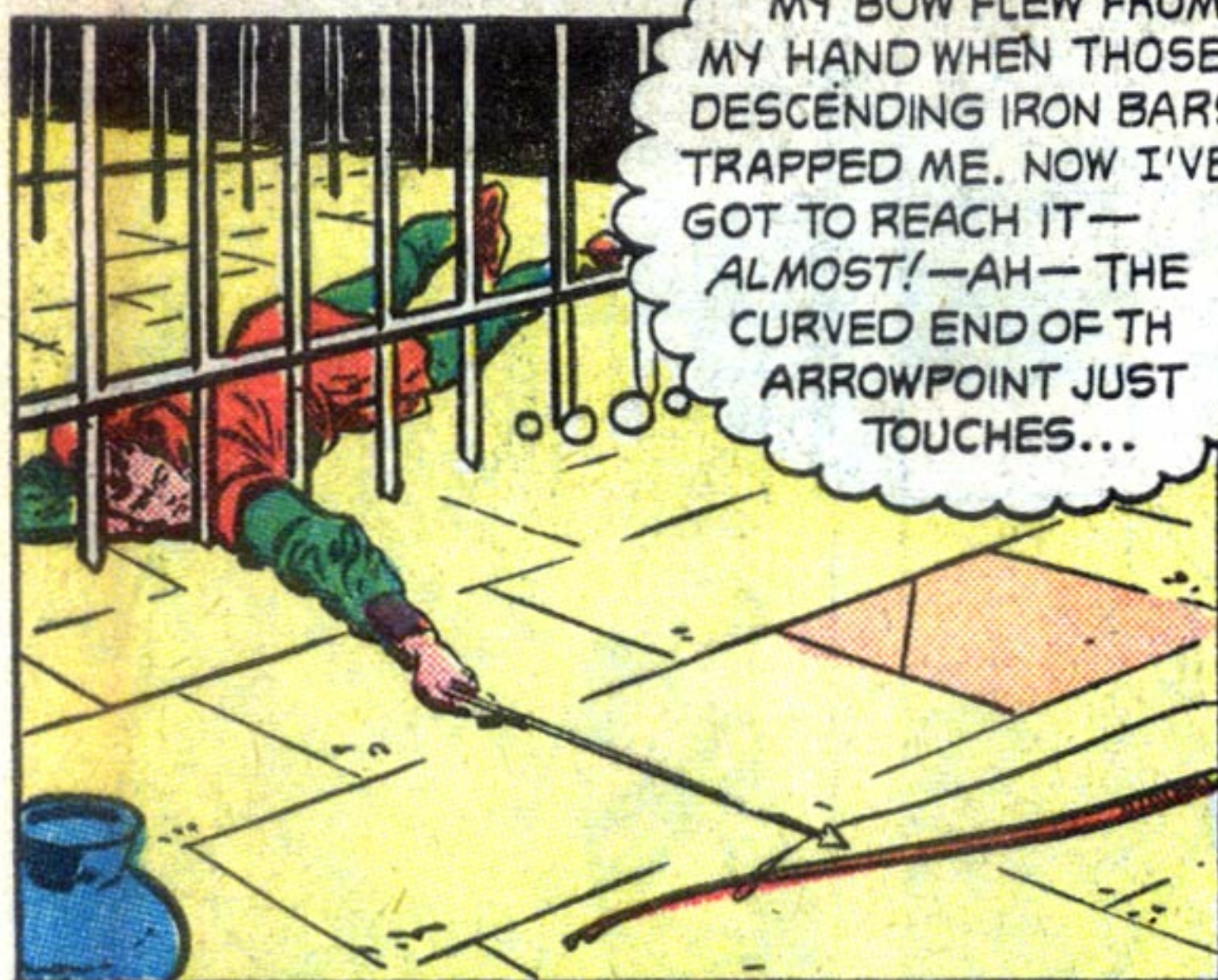


NOW TO SUMMON PRINCE JOHN, THAT HE MAY COME AND CLAIM YOU AS HIS PROPERTY—AND BRING ME THE COFFER OF JEWELS I'VE WON FROM HIM!



FLY FAST, LITTLE ONE! FLY TO LONDON TOWN AND PRINCE JOHN, AND TELL HIM TO MAKE HASTE TO CASTLE EYRIE!

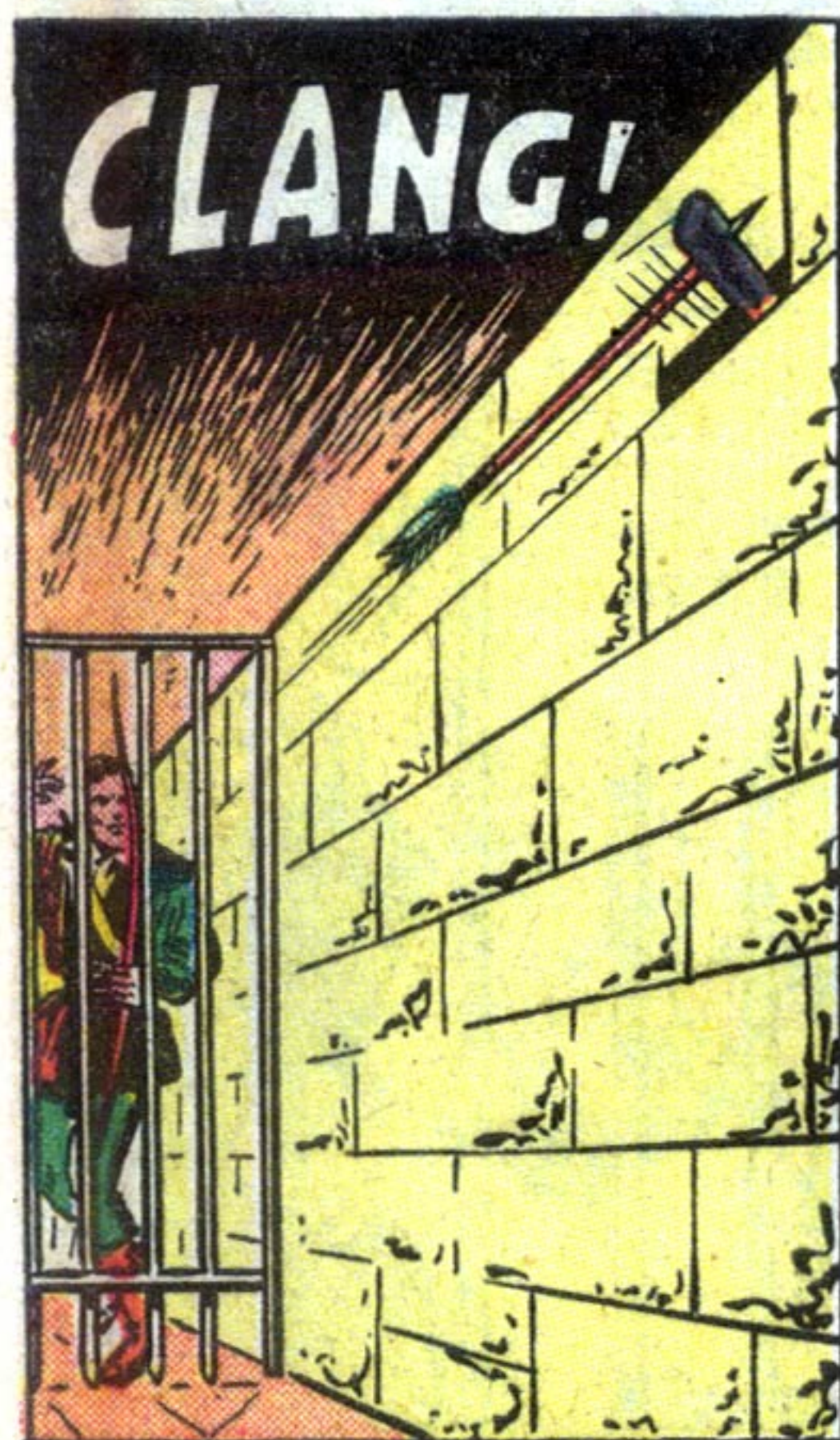
LEFT ALONE, ROBIN STRAINS DESPERATELY TO REACH HIS FALLEN BOW...



MY BOW FLEW FROM MY HAND WHEN THOSE DESCENDING IRON BARS TRAPPED ME. NOW I'VE GOT TO REACH IT—ALMOST!—AH—THE CURVED END OF THE ARROWPOINT JUST TOUCHES...



NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT A WELL-AIMED ARROW CAN DO!



CLANG!

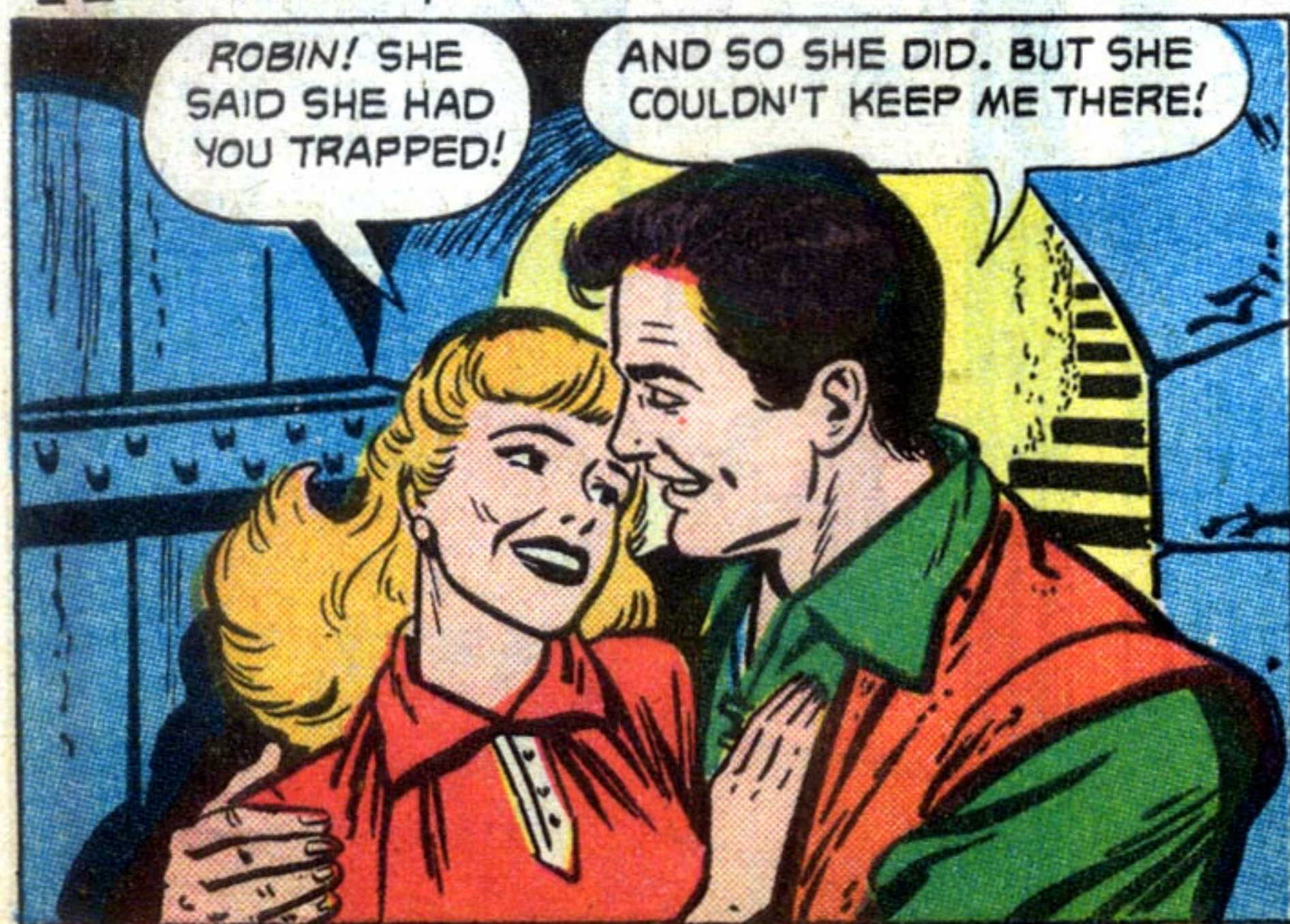


SHE COMES!



SEE HOW YOU LIKE YOUR OWN TREATMENT, MORLA! STAY HERE—UNTIL PRINCE JOHN HIMSELF COMES TO FREE YOU!

A LITTLE LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE...



ROBIN! SHE SAID SHE HAD YOU TRAPPED!

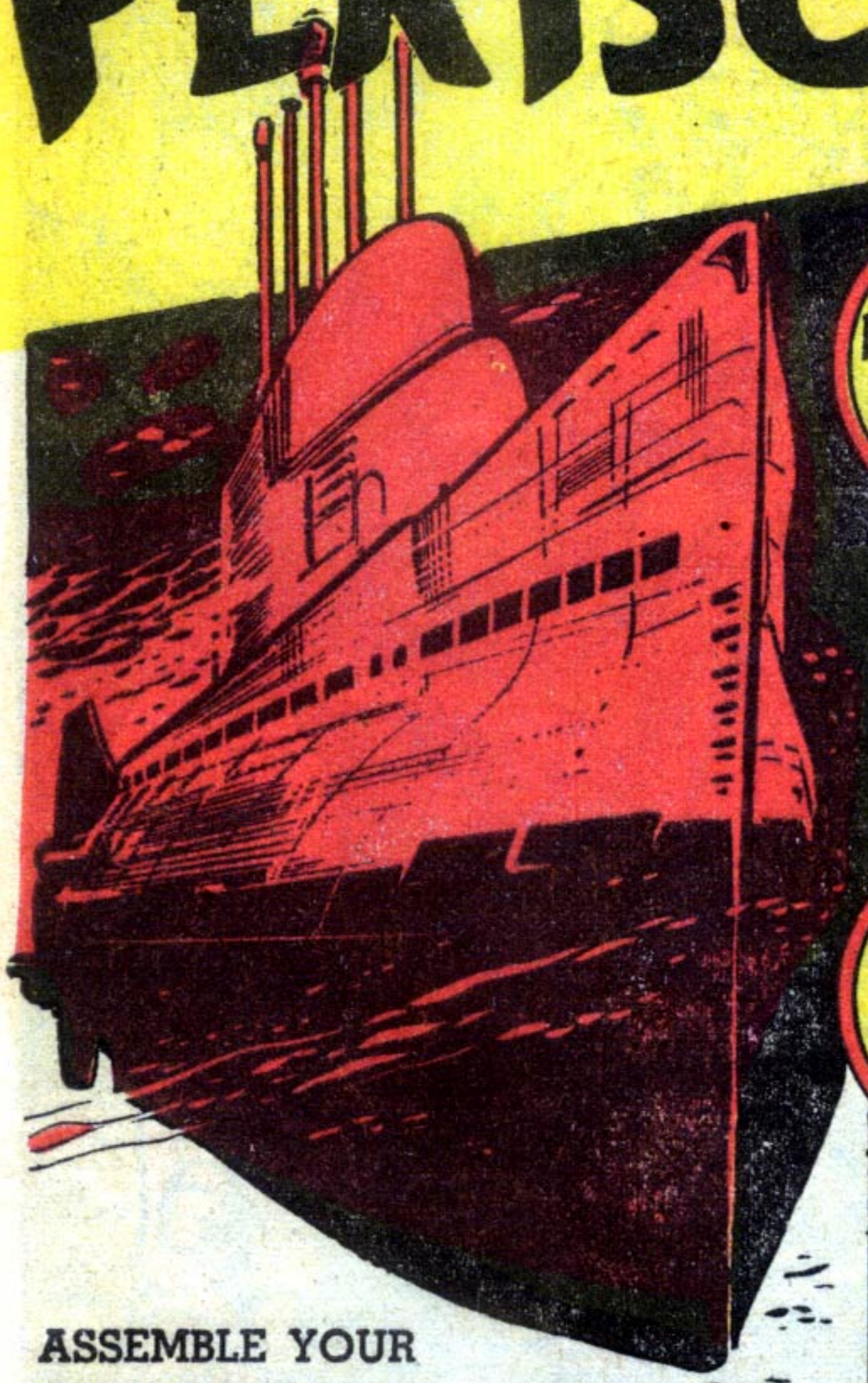
AND SO SHE DID. BUT SHE COULDN'T KEEP ME THERE!

HMMM! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY PRINCE JOHN IS WILLING TO PAY SO MUCH TO CAPTURE THAT MAN! HE'S SLIPPERIER THAN AN EEL, AND SMARTER THAN A WHIPSTROKE!



THE END

PERISCOPE!



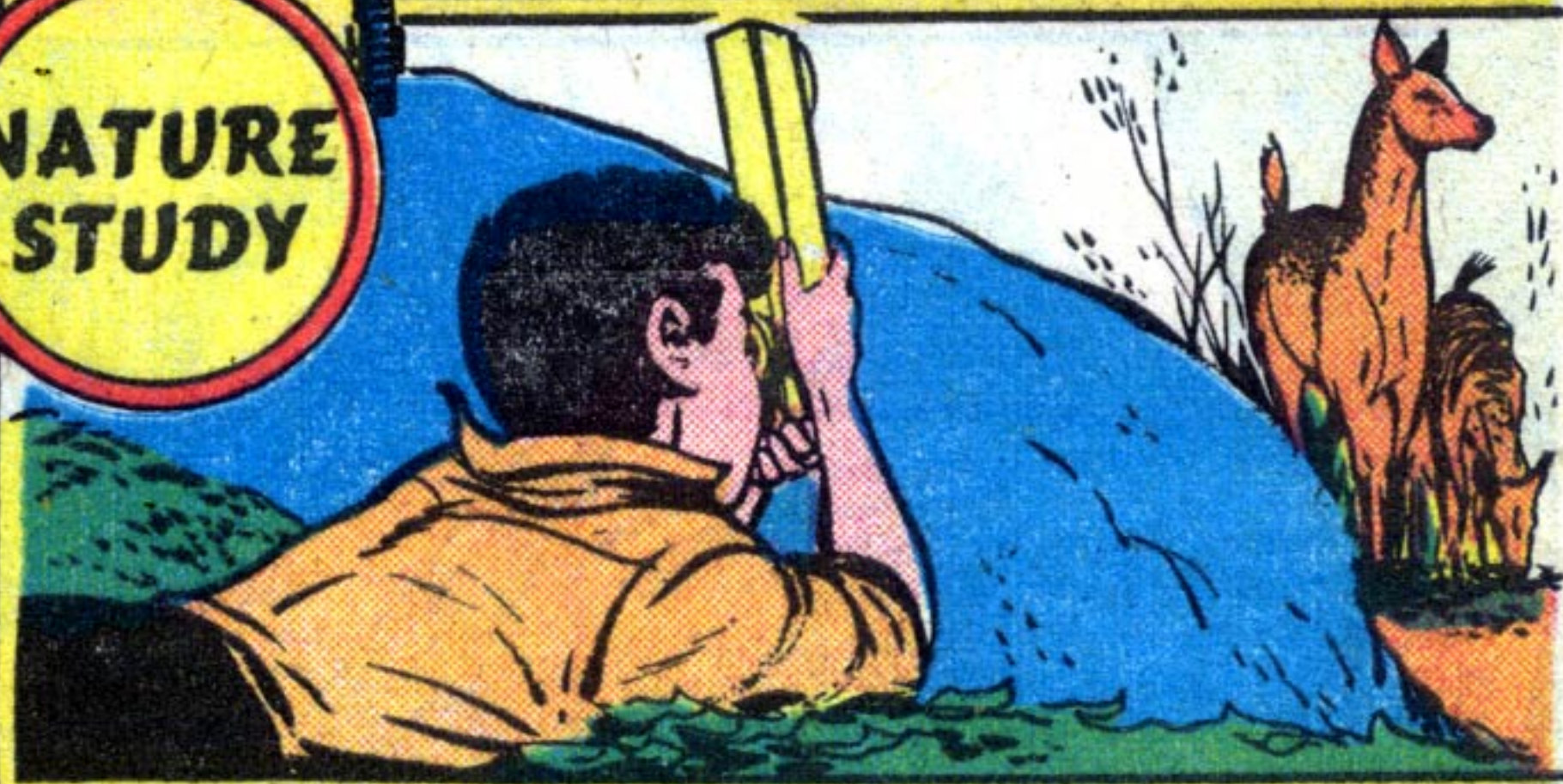
ASSEMBLE YOUR
OWN PERISCOPE!
NOT A TOY! THIS IS A REAL
PERISCOPE, USING THE SAME
PRINCIPLES AS THOSE IN THE
ATOMIC SUBMARINE,
THE NAUTILUS . . . !



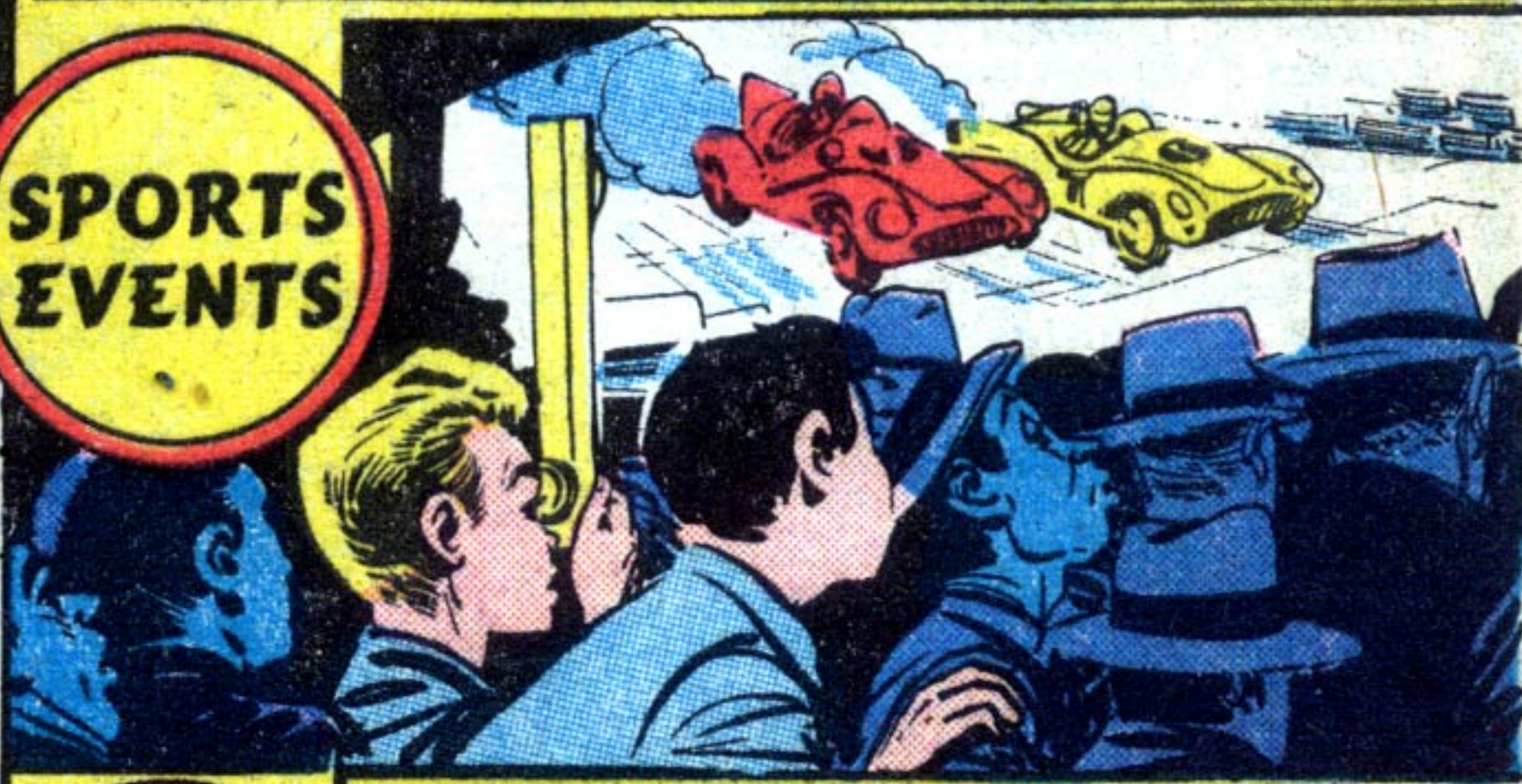
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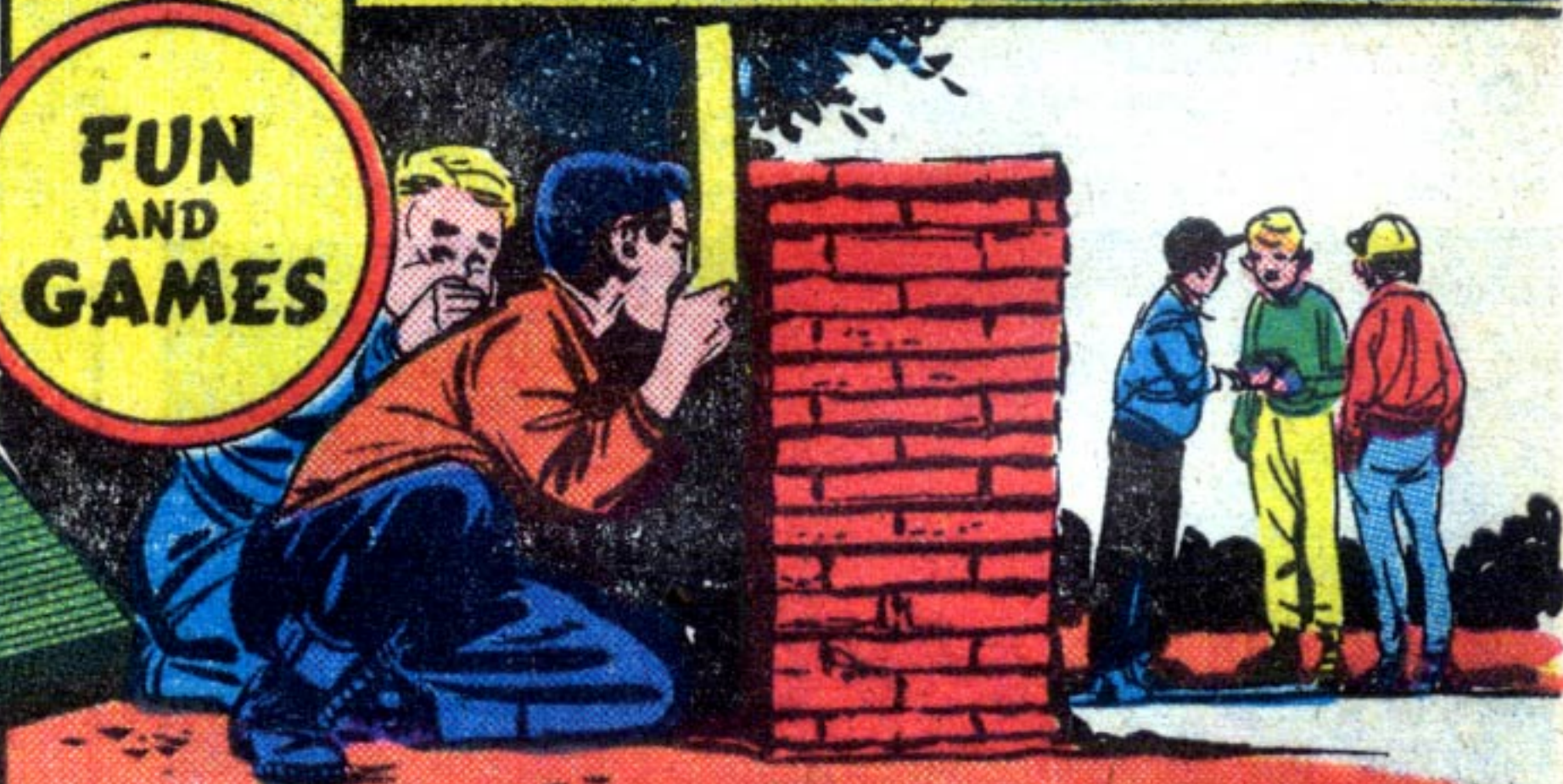
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NO C.O.D.s, PLEASE !!!

SIR GALANT

of the Round Table

I'M LOST—LOST
IN THE GREAT
LABYRINTH OF
CASTLE HAZARD!

THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY INTO THE EVIL STRONGHOLD THAT MEN CALLED **CASTLE HAZARD**, BUT IT BROADENED OUT INTO THREE, THEN TEN, THEN FIFTY DIFFERENT ROADS, ALL INTERTWINING IN ONE GIGANTIC LABYRINTH! NO MAN COULD FIND HIS WAY THROUGH SUCH A MAZE. THOSE WHO TRIED BECAME CAPTIVES OF THE EVIL LORDS OF THE GREAT CASTLE... AND WHEN KING ARTHUR ASKED **SIR GALANT** TO RISK HIS LIFE IN THE CONFUSING TUNNELS OF THIS MAZE, THE YOUNG KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE MUST CONFESS HIMSELF BEATEN, UNLESS HE CAN SOLVE THE WAY IN AND OUT OF —

The Mystery Maze of Castle Hazard

PAWELL

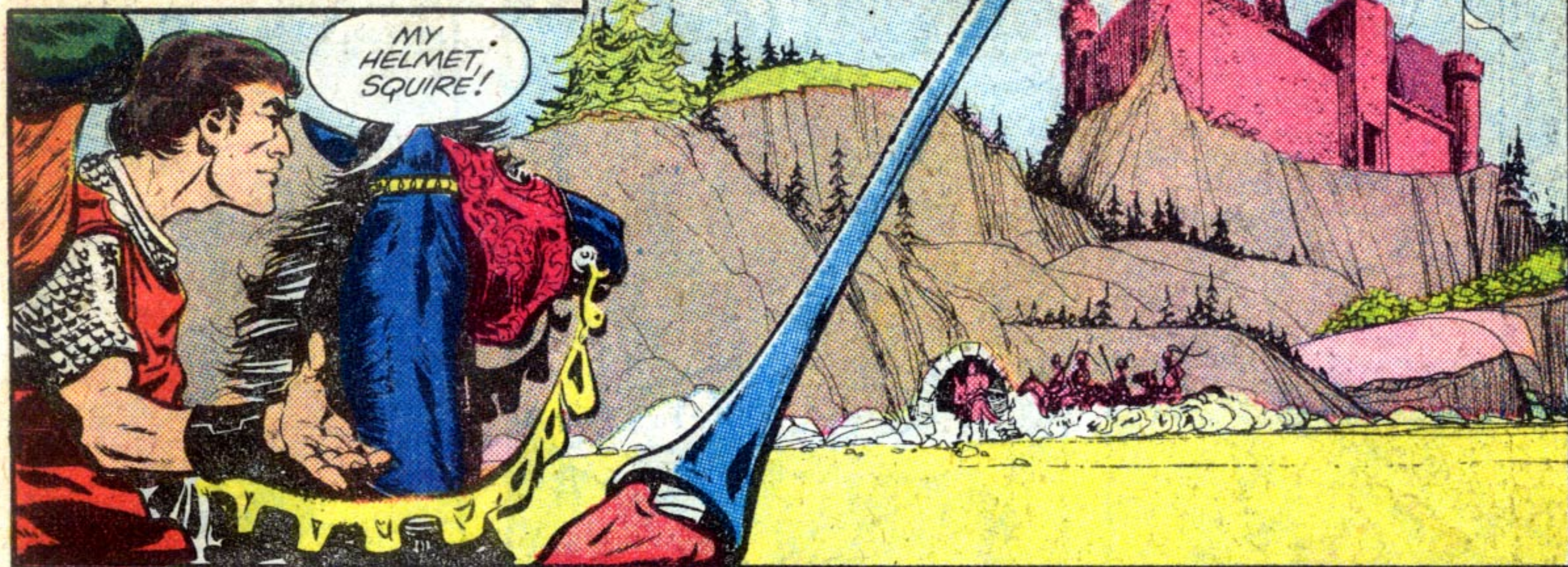
SPILED GARMENTS ON A LONELY ROAD, THE CREAK OF A SLOWLY ROTATING CARTWHEEL, THE GLITTER OF A BROKEN SWORD—THESE SHOW WHERE THE FELON KNIGHTS OF CASTLE HAZARD HAVE BEEN LOOTING...

AND GALLOPING PAST THIS DESOLATE SCENE COMES STRONG **SIR BORS**, ONE OF KING ARTHUR'S BRAVEST KNIGHTS! ANGER THICKENS HIS BLOOD. AHEAD OF HIM ARE FELONS WHO HAVE DONE THIS CRUEL DEED...



THE DUST IS
SCARCELY SETTLED,
GOOD ALAN! THOSE
FOUL KNIGHTS ARE
ONLY A FEW YARDS
AHEAD OF US!

SIR BORS COMES UPON THE KNIGHTS AS THEY ENTER A SMALL ROUND OPENING IN THE HILL THAT SURROUNDS THEIR CASTLE—



MY
HELMET,
SQUIRE!

AT THE GALLOP, SIR BORS RACES INTO THE TUNNEL..

BUT WITHIN MOMENTS, THE GALLANT KNIGHT IS LOST—

ONE MISTAKE LEADS TO ANOTHER. A DAY PASSES AS HE STAGGERS THROUGH THE NEVER-ENDING TUNNELS...



THEY'LL
NOT ESCAPE
ME NOW!



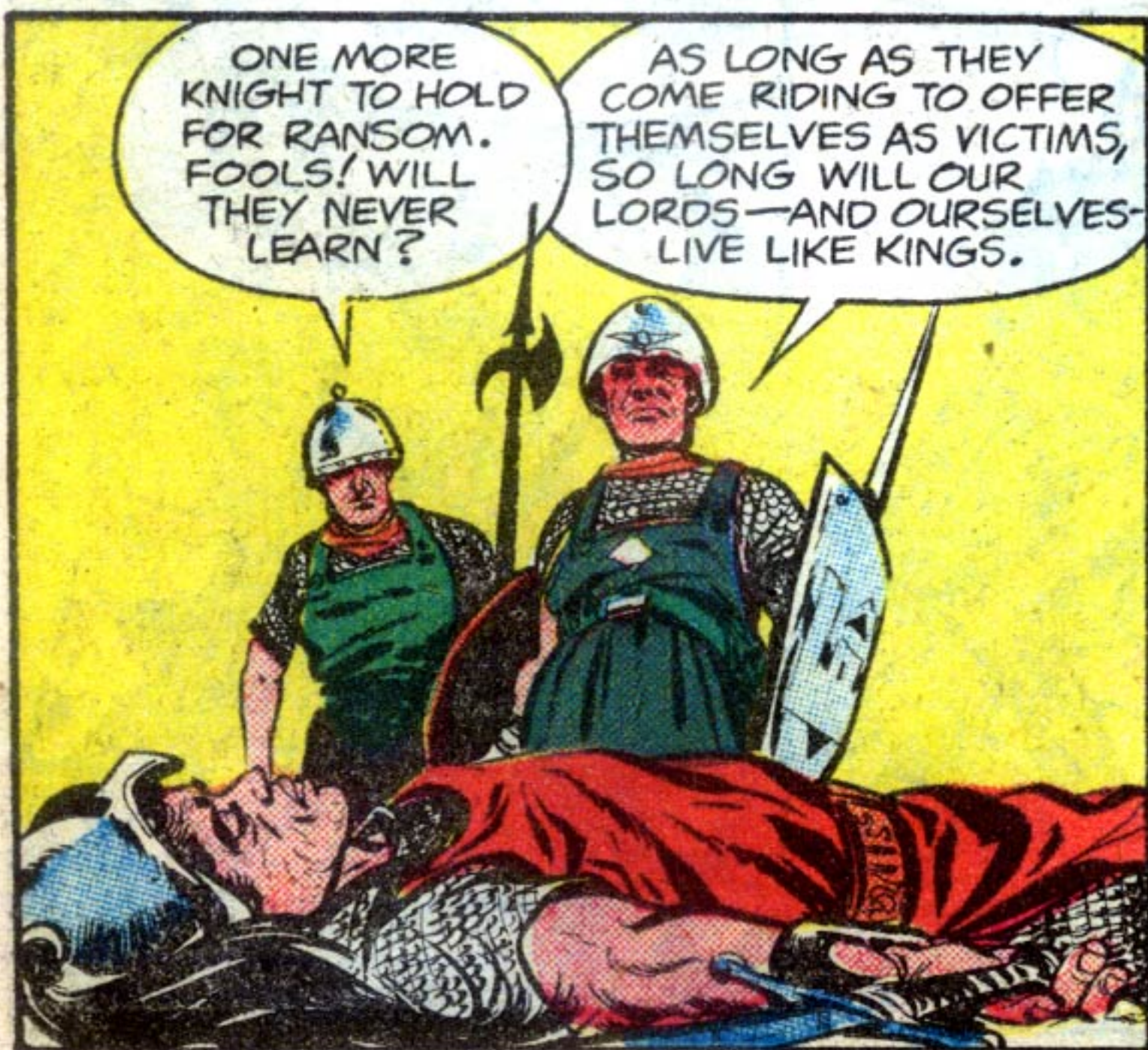
WHICH
OF THE ROADS
DID THEY
TAKE?



WATER—AND
FOOD—I AM
WEAK WITH
HUNGER AND
THIRST—!

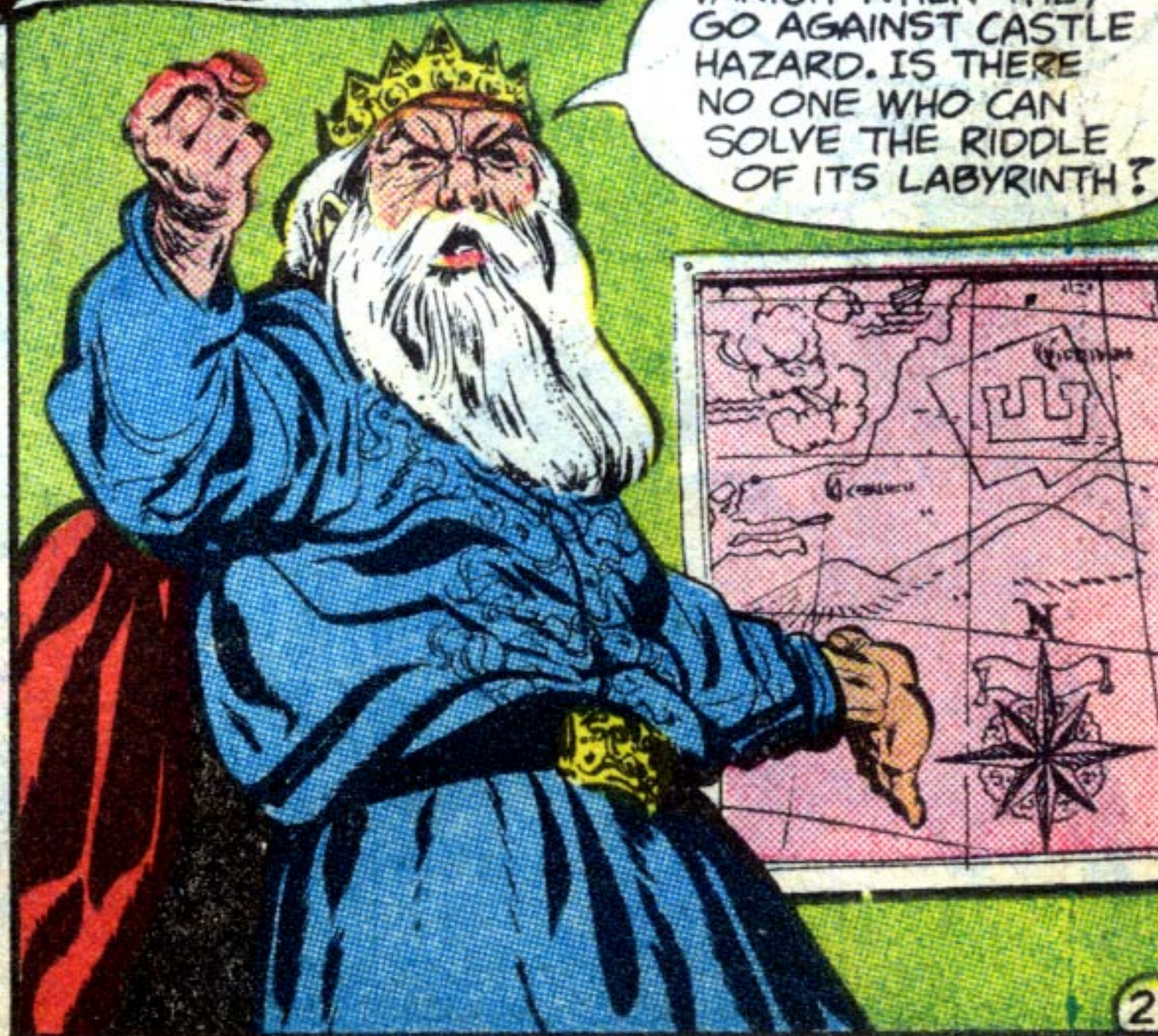
AT LAST HE COLLAPSES AND LIES MOTIONLESS. AS MEN COME TO MAKE HIM PRISONER, HE CANNOT PREVENT THEM...

IN CAMELOT, KING ARTHUR STORMS.



ONE MORE
KNIGHT TO HOLD
FOR RANSOM.
FOOLS! WILL
THEY NEVER
LEARN?

AS LONG AS THEY
COME RIDING TO OFFER
THEMSELVES AS VICTIMS,
SO LONG WILL OUR
LORDS—AND OURSELVES—
LIVE LIKE KINGS.



MY KNIGHTS
VANISH WHEN THEY
GO AGAINST CASTLE
HAZARD. IS THERE
NO ONE WHO CAN
SOLVE THE RIDDLE
OF ITS LABYRINTH?

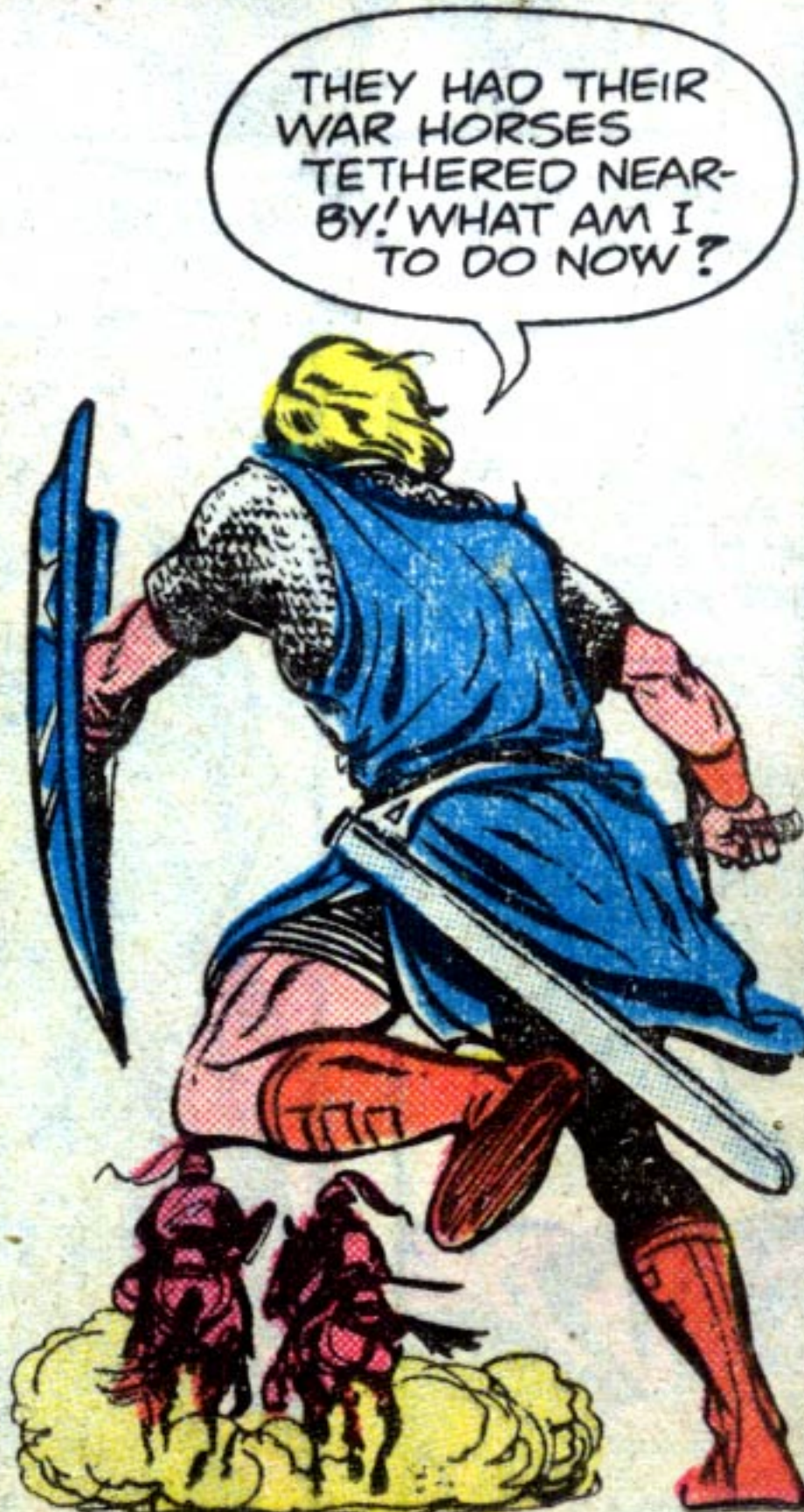
NEXT DAY SIR GALANT RIDES FROM CAMELOT—



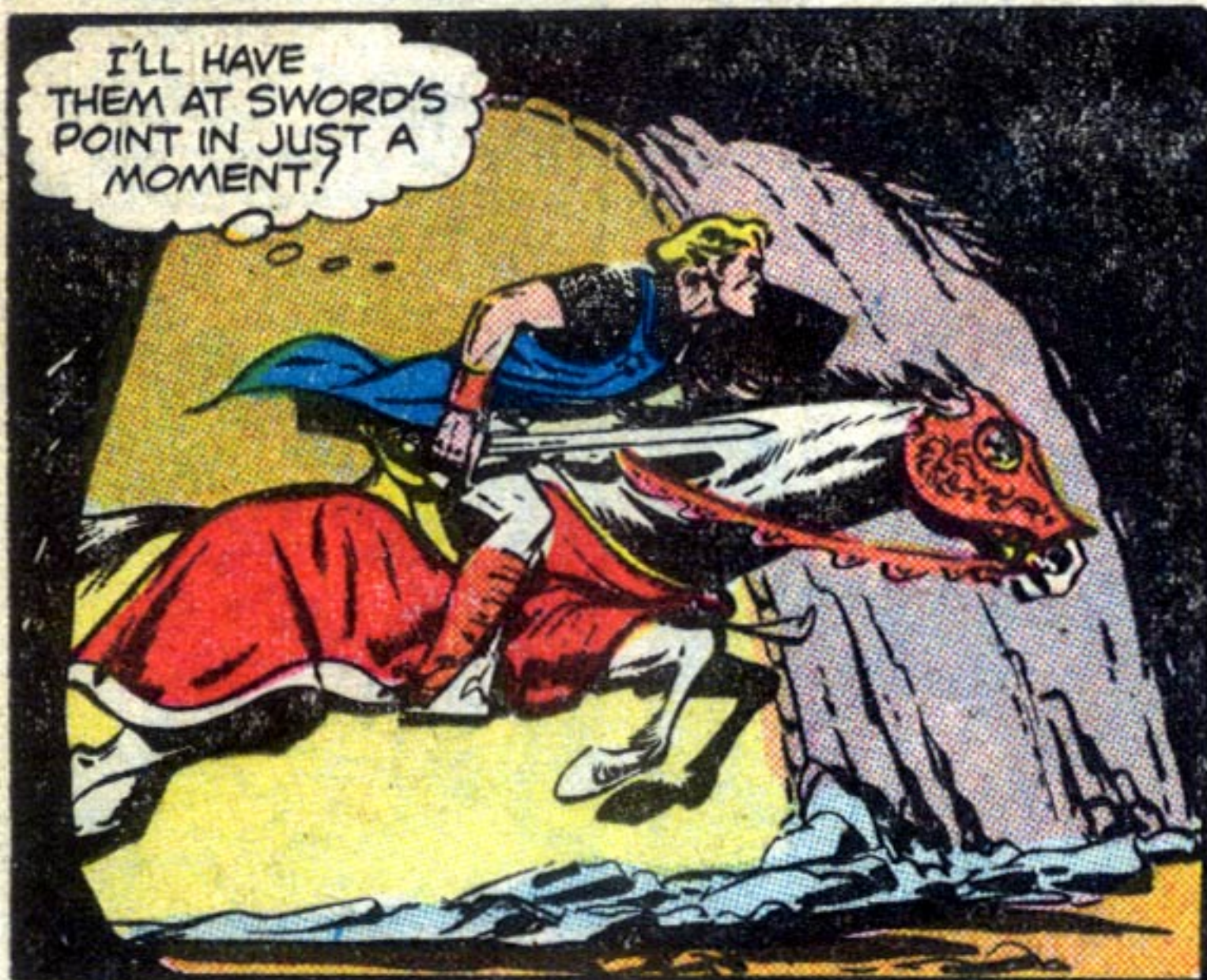
ONE MORNING, SOON AFTER HIS ARRIVAL, THE YOUNG KNIGHT IS WAKENED BY THE SOUND OF SWORD ON SWORD!



THE CLASH AND CLANG OF STEEL ON STEEL RINGS LOUD IN THE FORESTS. BACK AND BACK SIR GALANT DRIVES THE FELON KNIGHTS—



AT THE GALLOP, SIR GALANT FOLLOWS THE KNIGHTS OF CASTLE HAZARD TO THE LABYRINTH ENTRANCE-WAY, AND INTO IT. FLUSHED WITH CONFIDENCE AND THE FEVER OF BATTLE, HE FORGETS HE HAS PROMISED NOT TO ENTER...!



DISMOUNTING, SIR GALANT GOES AHEAD ON FOOT DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE BE-WILDERING MAZE...



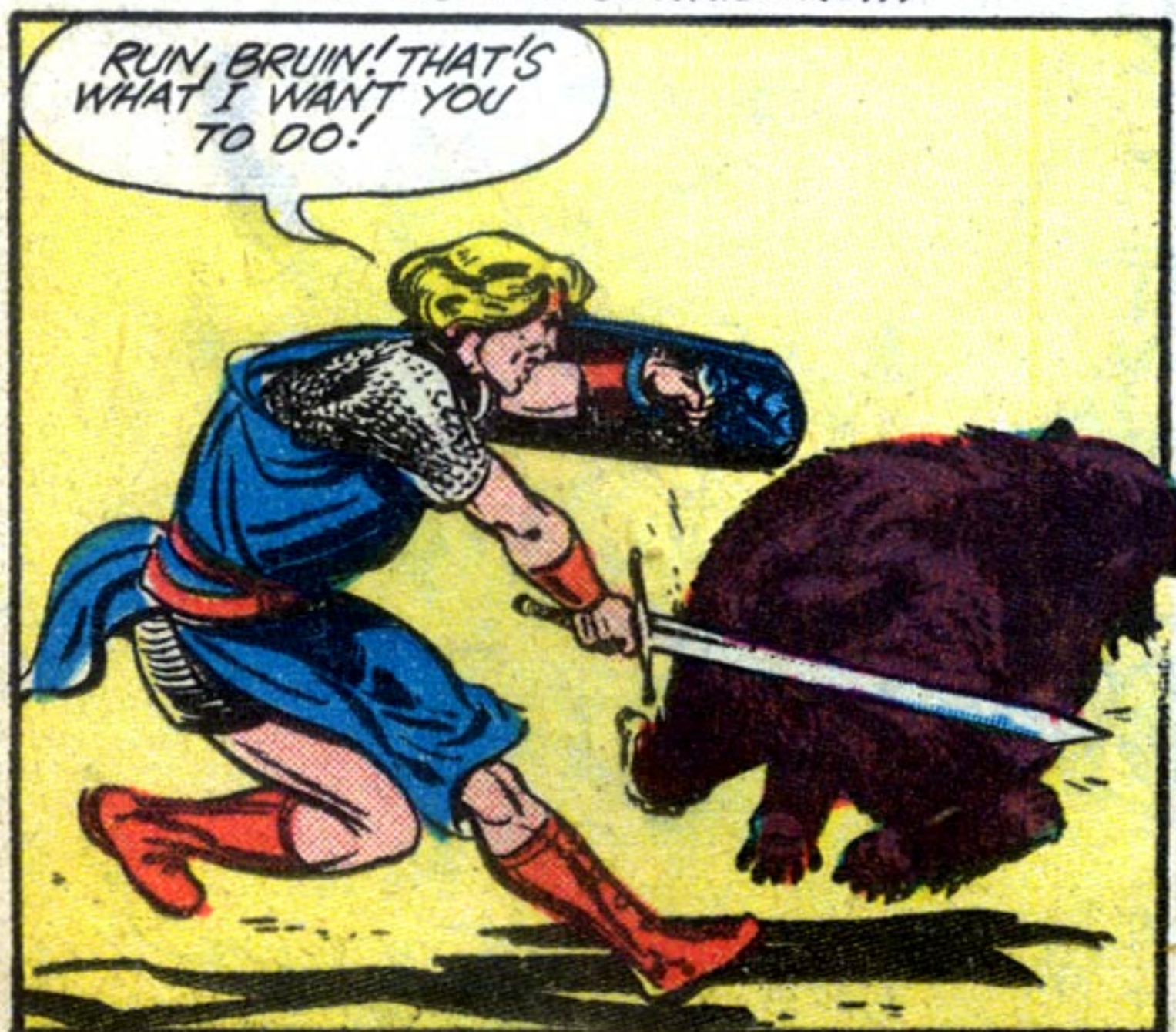
HA! AND NOW TO MAKE IT WORSE, I'VE STUMBLERD INTO A GIANT BEAR'S LAIR!



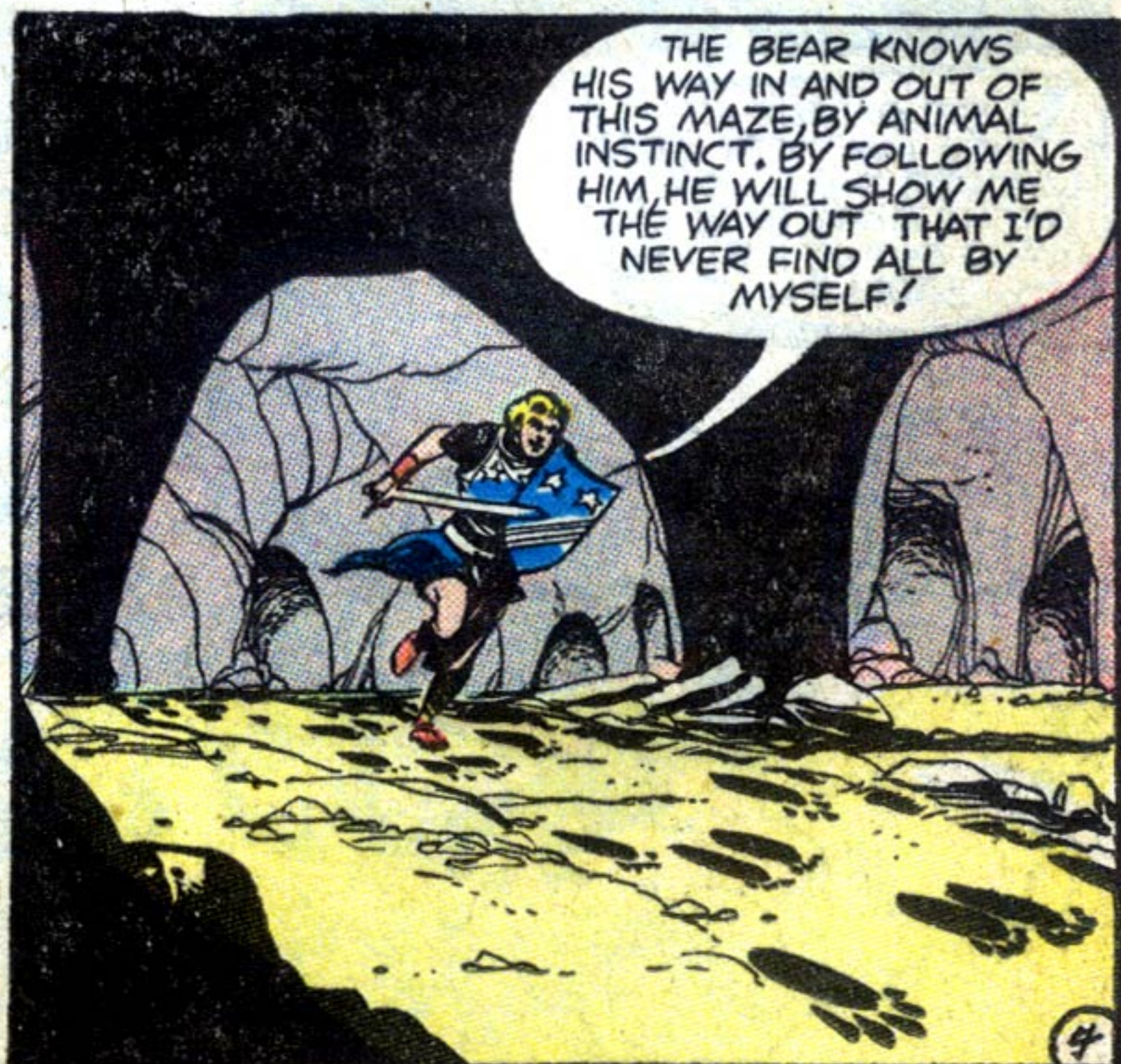
SUDDENLY THE YOUNG KNIGHT HURLS HIMSELF AT THE MIGHTY ANIMAL!



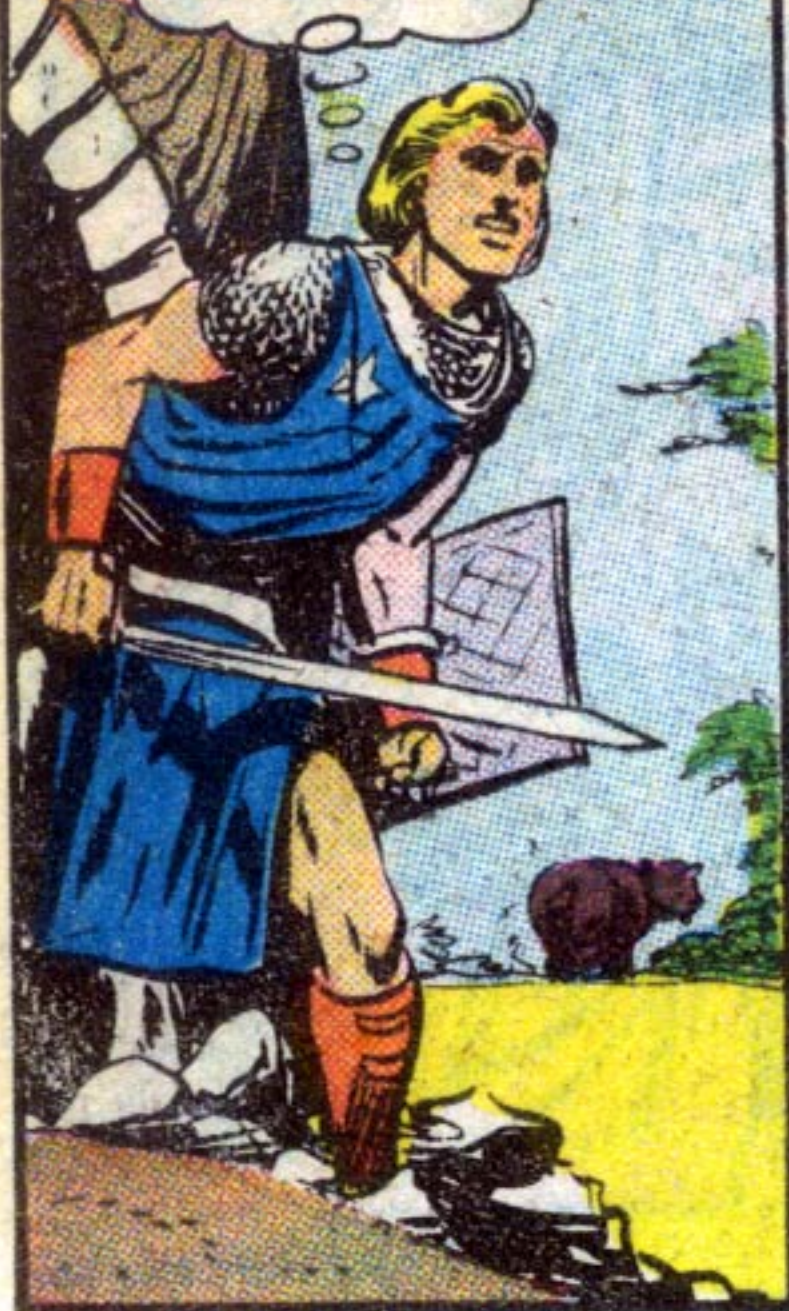
THE FLAT OF HIS SWORD, FALLING AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN ON HEAD AND TENDER NOSE OF THE BEAR SOON DRIVES THE ANIMAL ALONG ONE OF THE TUNNEL CORRIDORS...



THE BEAR KNOWS HIS WAY IN AND OUT OF THIS MAZE, BY ANIMAL INSTINCT. BY FOLLOWING HIM, HE WILL SHOW ME THE WAY OUT THAT I'D NEVER FIND ALL BY MYSELF!



THAT WAS LUCK! BUT FOR THE BEAR, I'D HAVE BEEN TRAPPED IN THOSE TUNNELS UNTIL I WAS TOO WEAK TO PREVENT MY CAPTURE!



FOR A WEEK, THE YOUNG KNIGHT TRIES TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE TUNNELS BY MAKING CHALK MARKS ON ITS WALLS...



BY MAKING A SERIES OF CHALK MARKS, I CAN FIND MY WAY IN AND OUT, AND THUS LEARN WHICH CORRIDORS TO TAKE TO GET TO CASTLE HAZARD ITSELF!

BUT THE MARKINGS HE MAKES ON THE MAZE WALLS ARE RUBBED OUT!



GONE! EVIDENTLY THE FELON KNIGHTS KEEP ME UNDER SURVEILLANCE. WHEN I SLEEP AT NIGHT, THEY HAVE MEN COME HERE TO REMOVE THE MARKS I MAKE DURING THE DAY!

THE CORD WHICH HE CARRIES WITH HIM TO SHOW THE WAY HE HAS COME IS CUT NEATLY, WITH THE EDGE OF A DAGGER!



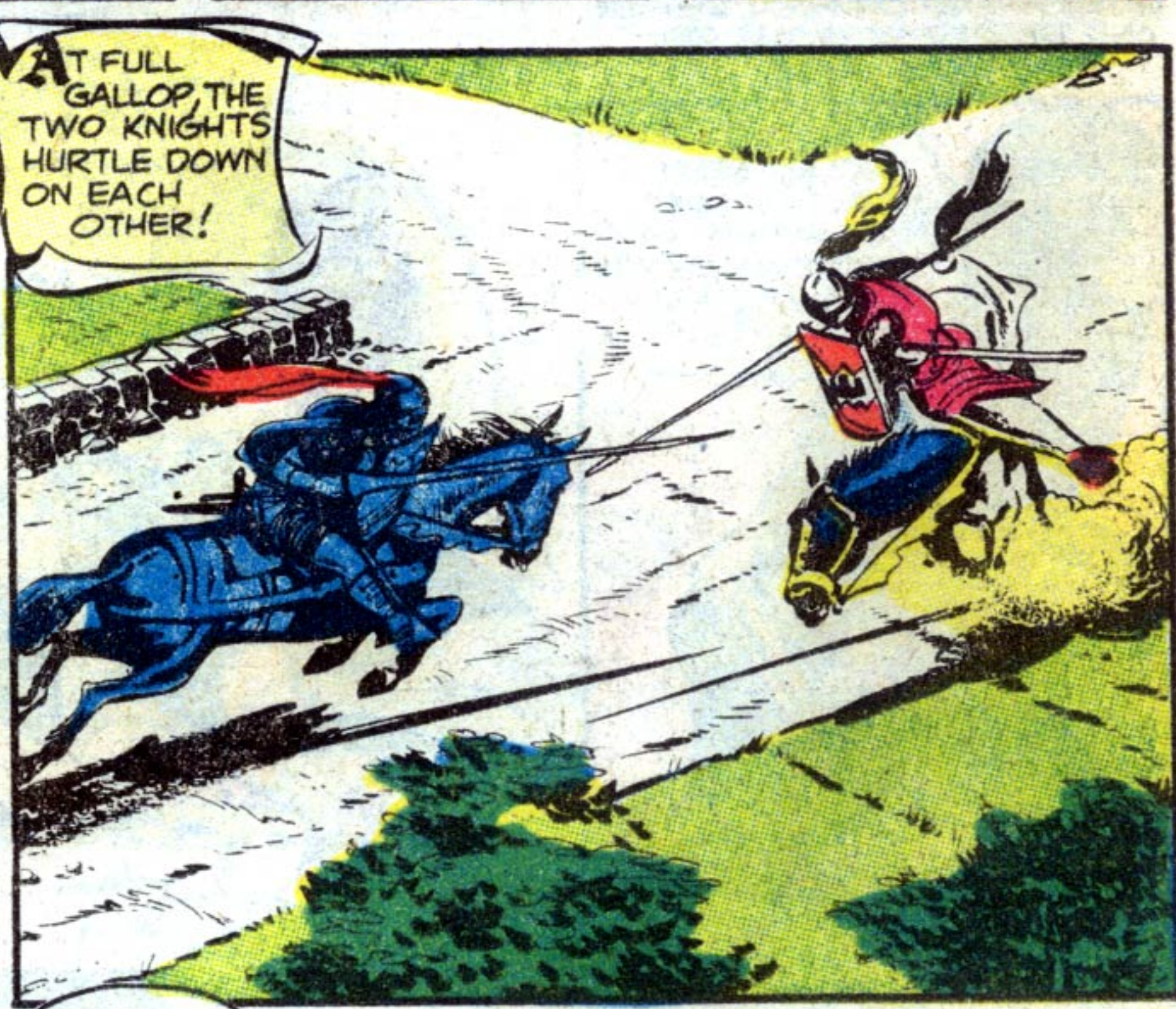
EVIDENTLY THEY DON'T WAIT UNTIL I SLEEP TO DO THEIR WORK. THEY MUST LURK UP INTERSECTING CORRIDORS AND DART OUT TO CUT MY ROPE WHEN MY BACK IS TURNED!

HEARTILY DISCOURAGED, THE YOUNG KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE IS ALMOST A VICTIM OF DESPAIR, UNTIL ONE AFTER-NOON, ALONG THE FOREST ROAD....



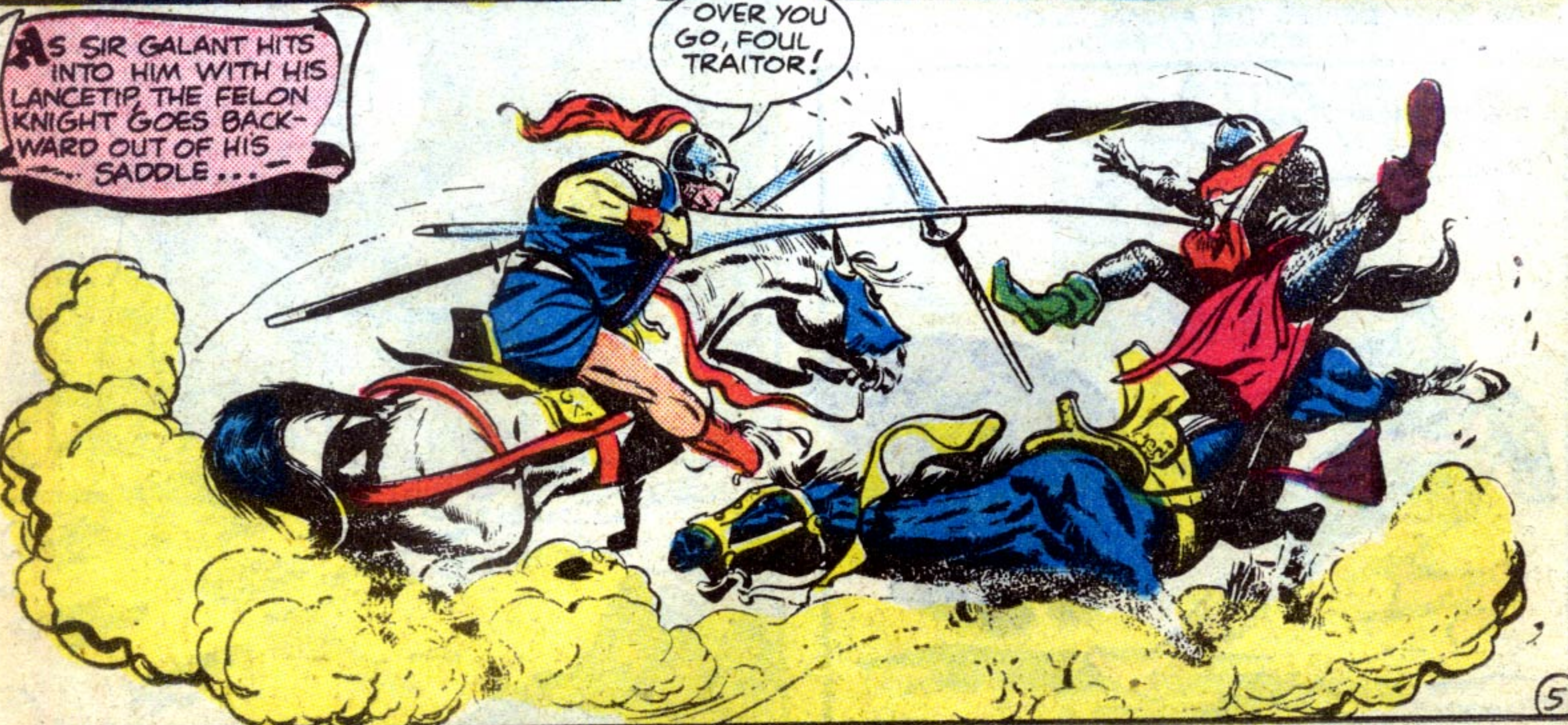
HERE COMES ONE OF THE FELON KNIGHTS HIMSELF! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS IDEA SOONER!

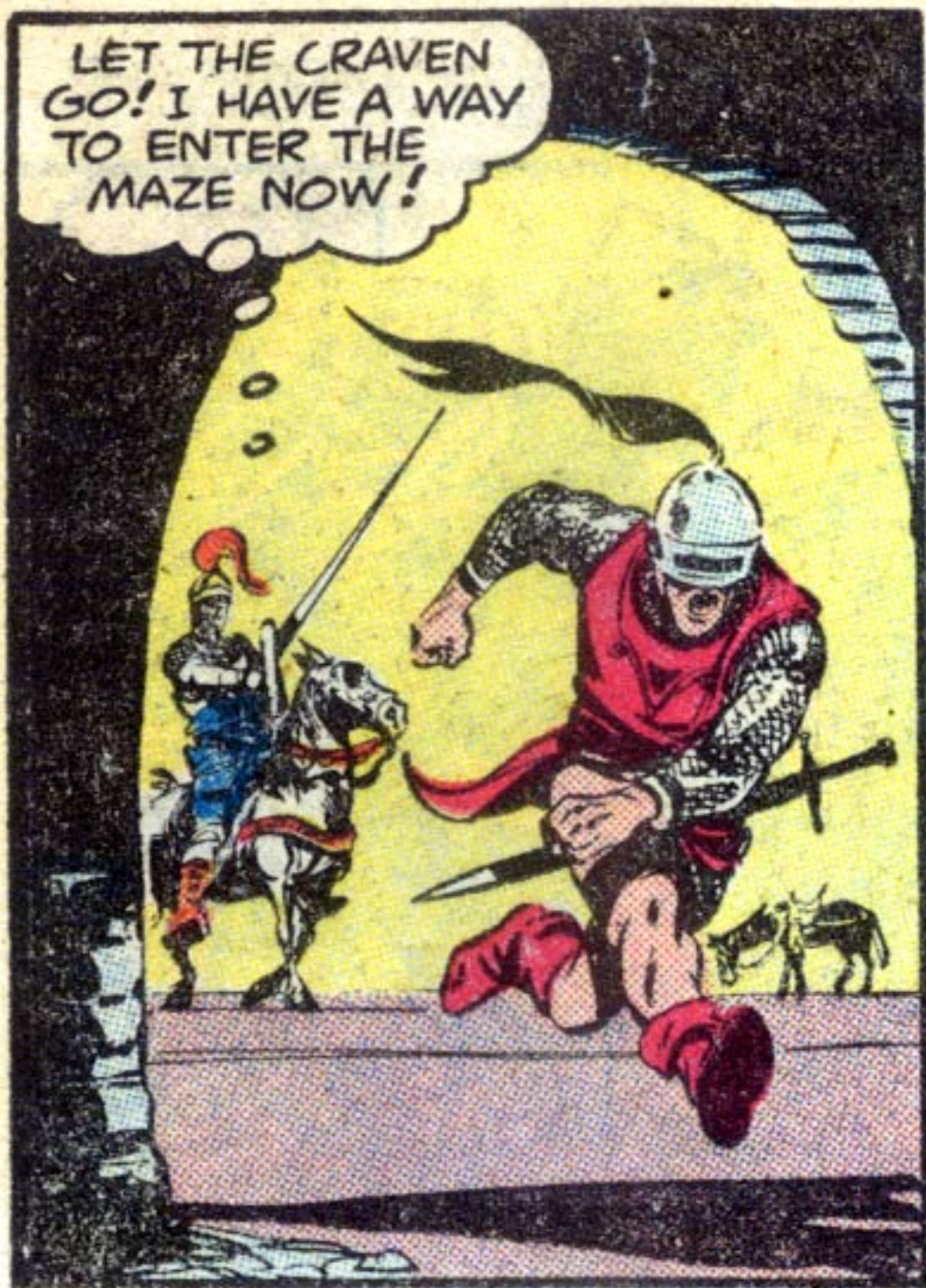
AT FULL GALLOP, THE TWO KNIGHTS HURTLE DOWN ON EACH OTHER!



OVER YOU GO, FOUL TRAITOR!

AS SIR GALANT HITS INTO HIM WITH HIS LANCETIP THE FELON KNIGHT GOES BACKWARD OUT OF HIS SADDLE...





LET THE CRAVEN GO! I HAVE A WAY TO ENTER THE MAZE NOW!

ON THE APPOINTED DAY, KING ARTHUR ARRIVES WITH HIS KNIGHTS AND MEN-AT-ARMS...



AND HAVE YOU SOLVED THE RIDDLE OF THE LABYRINTH, SIR GALANT?

YES, SIRE—I HAVE!



FOLLOW ME, YOUR MAJESTY!

MY ENTIRE ARMY IS AT MY BACK. IF YOU FAIL US, WE ALL PERISH!

WITHOUT HESITATION, SIR GALANT MOVES CONFIDENTLY FROM ONE TUNNEL TO ANOTHER...



BY THE NAILS! I'D NEVER HAVE SOLVED THIS IN TEN YEARS, LET ALONE THE TEN DAYS I ALLOWED YOU. I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW YOU DID IT!

SLOWLY THE MAZE FALLS BEHIND AS THEY PENETRATE DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO IT. THEN, AHEAD OF THEM, IS A CIRCLE OF LIGHT...

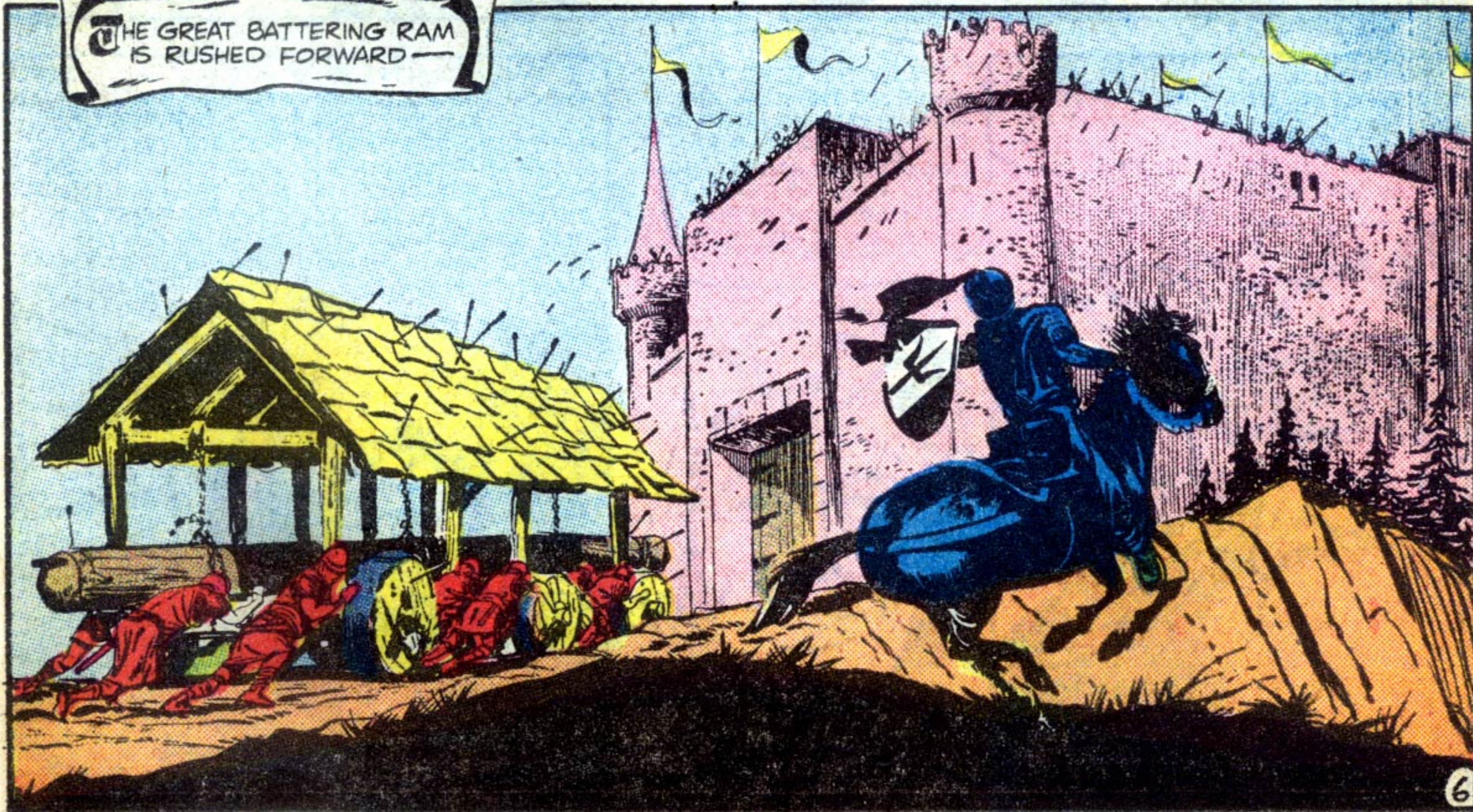


AHEAD LIES CASTLE HAZARD!

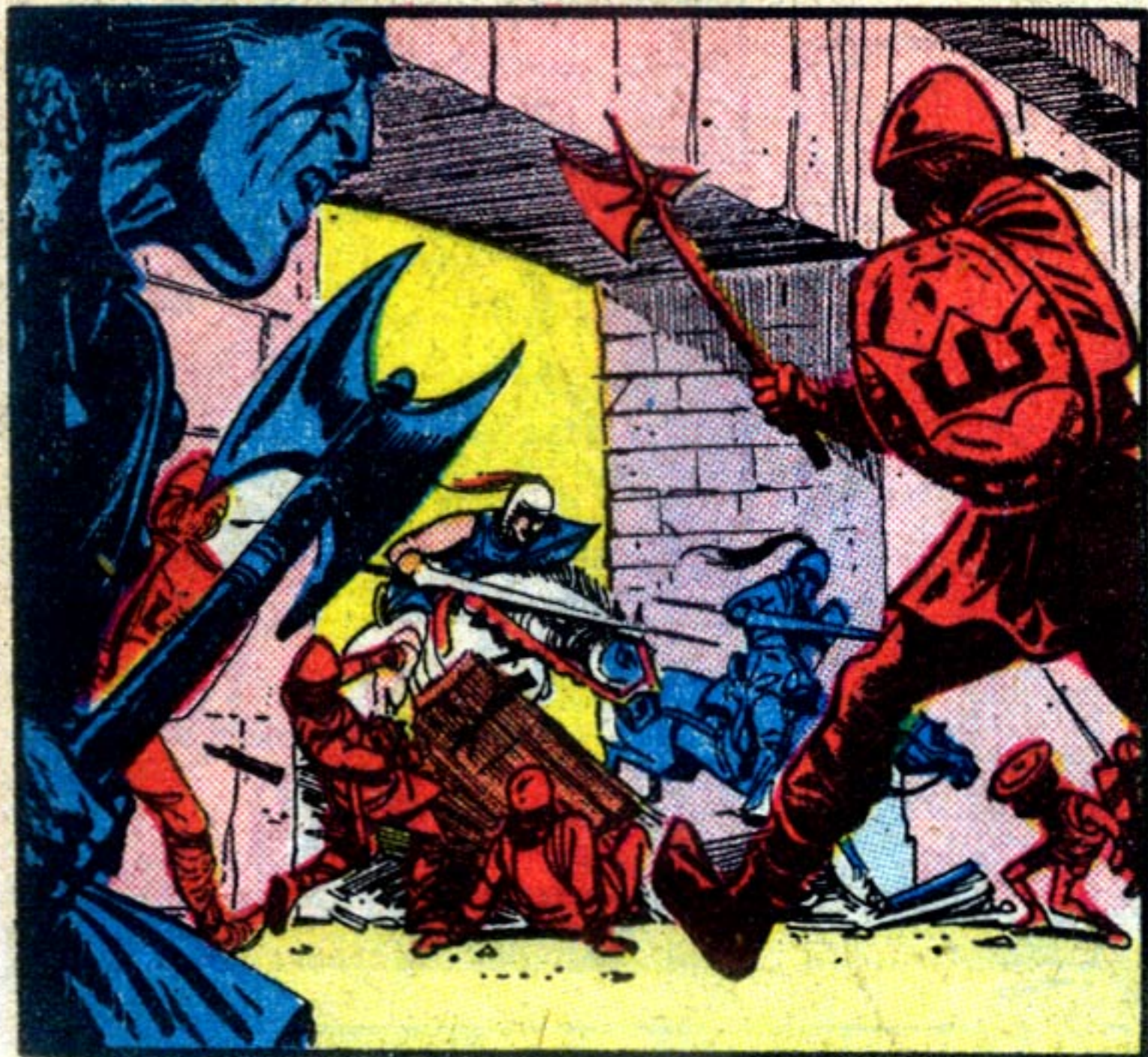


MY SIEGE ENGINES HAVE BEEN DISMANTLED AND ARE BEING CARTED THROUGH THE MAZE! SOON I WILL GIVE THE ORDER FOR THE ATTACK!

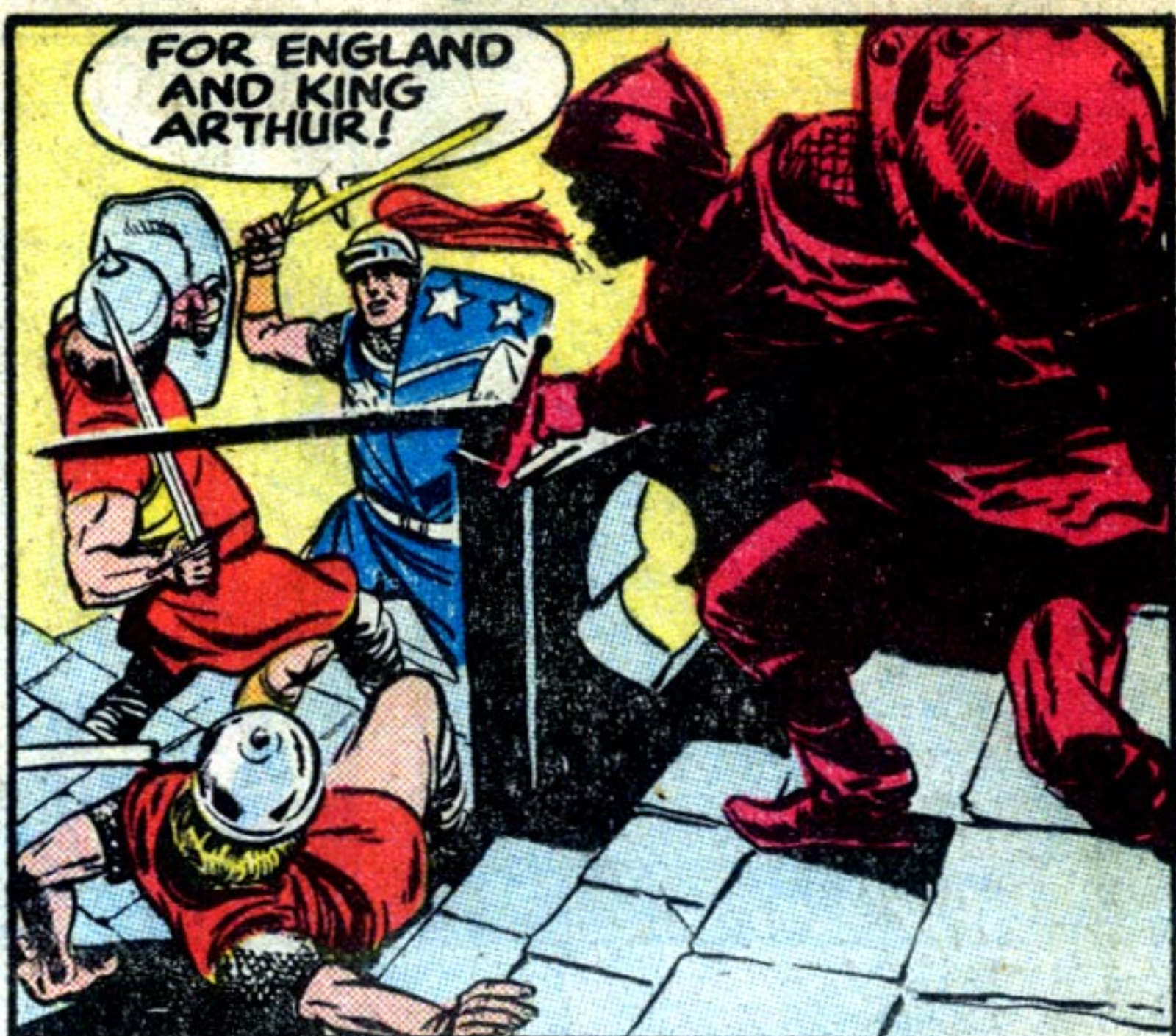
THE GREAT BATTERING RAM IS RUSHED FORWARD—



AS THE GATE OF THE CASTLE CRASHES INWARD, ARMED MEN HURTLE FORWARD—



SIR GALANT LEADS THE CHARGE WITH SWORD AND SHIELD....



FROM COURTYARD TO STONESTEPS THE BATTLE RAGES—



IN AN UPPER CHAMBER, THE FELON KNIGHTS SURRENDER....



NOW TELL ME HOW YOU SOLVED THE RIDDLE OF THE MAZE, GALANT! IN TRUTH, I CANNOT UNDERSTAND HOW YOU DID IT!

IN TRUTH, I NEVER DID IT AT ALL...!

'T WAS THE BEAR THAT GAVE ME THE IDEA. AN ANIMAL KNOWS HOW TO FIND ITS LAIR BY INSTINCT. I NEEDED AN ANIMAL THAT KNEW HOW TO REACH ITS OWN LAIR, OR IN THE CASE OF A HORSE—ITS STABLE!

I SIMPLY UNHORSED ONE OF THE FELON KNIGHTS AND KEPT THE HORSE. I RODE THAT HORSE THROUGH THE MAZE, NEVER ONCE TOUCHING ITS REINS. THE HORSE SHOWED US THE WAY IN, YOUR MAJESTY—NOT I!

BUT YOU HAD THE WIT TO SEE HOW IT COULD BE DONE! TRULY, I PREDICT YOU WILL RISE TO STAND BESIDE SIR LAUNCELOT AND SIR TRISTRIM AS ONE OF THE GREATEST KNIGHTS OF MY ROUND TABLE!



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Robin Hood

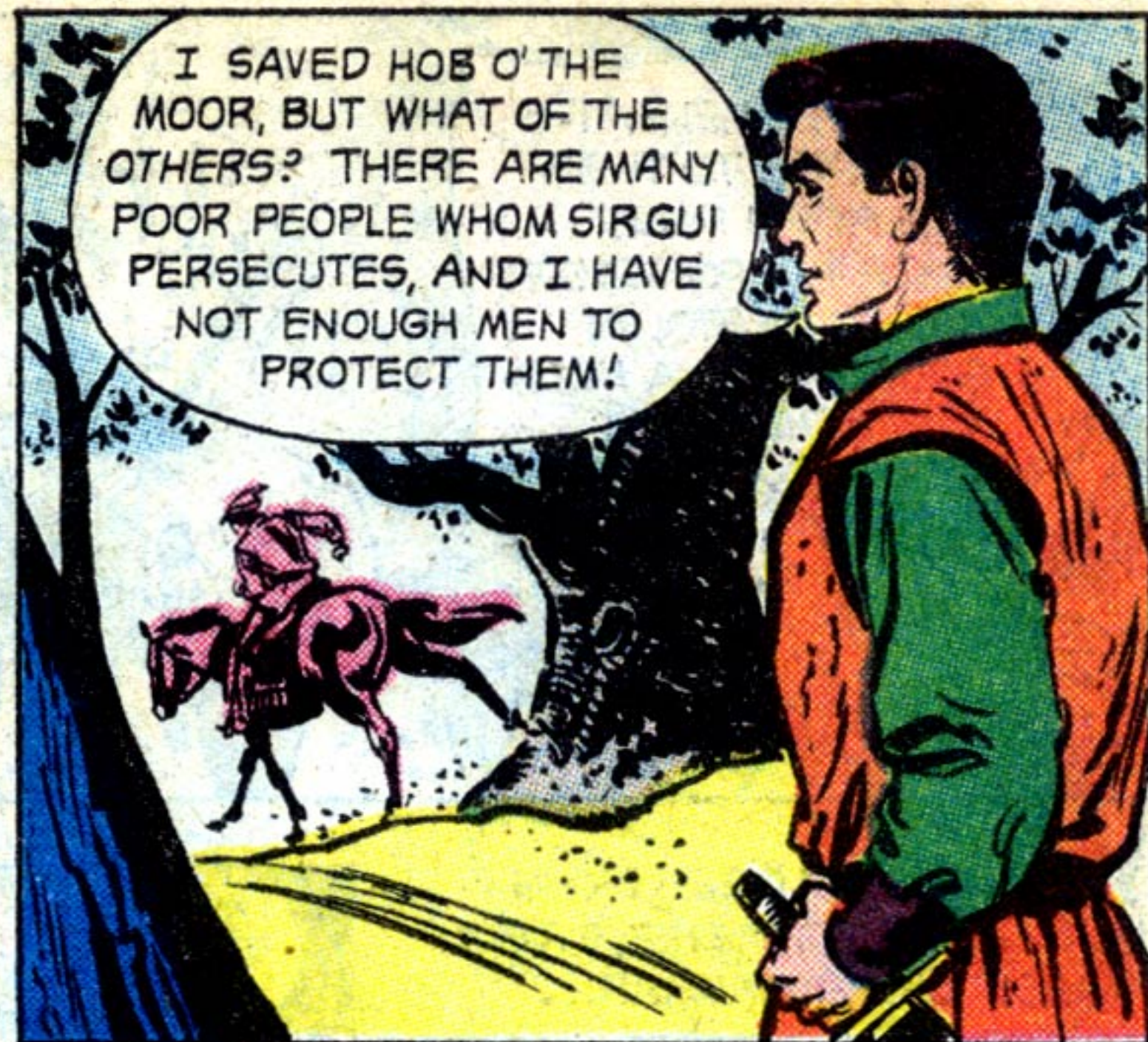
FREE HOB
O' THE MOOR
FROM SIR GUI'S
SOLDIERS!

TAXATION, TO SIR GUI OF GLAMORE IS ONLY AN EXCUSE TO ROB. HIS MEN-AT-ARMS GO FROM VILLAGE TO FARMHOUSE, TAKING SILVER AND COPPER COINS AND LIVESTOCK. ONLY ROBIN HOOD AND HIS BAND OF MERRY MEN DARE STAND AGAINST HIS THIEVING WAYS UNTIL THE MASTER OF SHERWOOD FOREST UNDERTAKES TO BRING ABOUT A—

**REVOLT
OF THE
PEASANTS!**

YOU SOLDIERS
DELIGHT IN FIGHTING
HELPLESS PEASANTS!
TRY FIGHTING ME
FOR A CHANGE!

GET A MOVE ON, HOB!
I CAN'T KEEP THEM BUSY
FOREVER! RUN FOR IT!



YES, HOB IS SAFE NOW. YET IN DUNSTAN VILLAGE, SIR GUI'S MEN TAKE WHATEVER CATCHES THEIR FANCY—

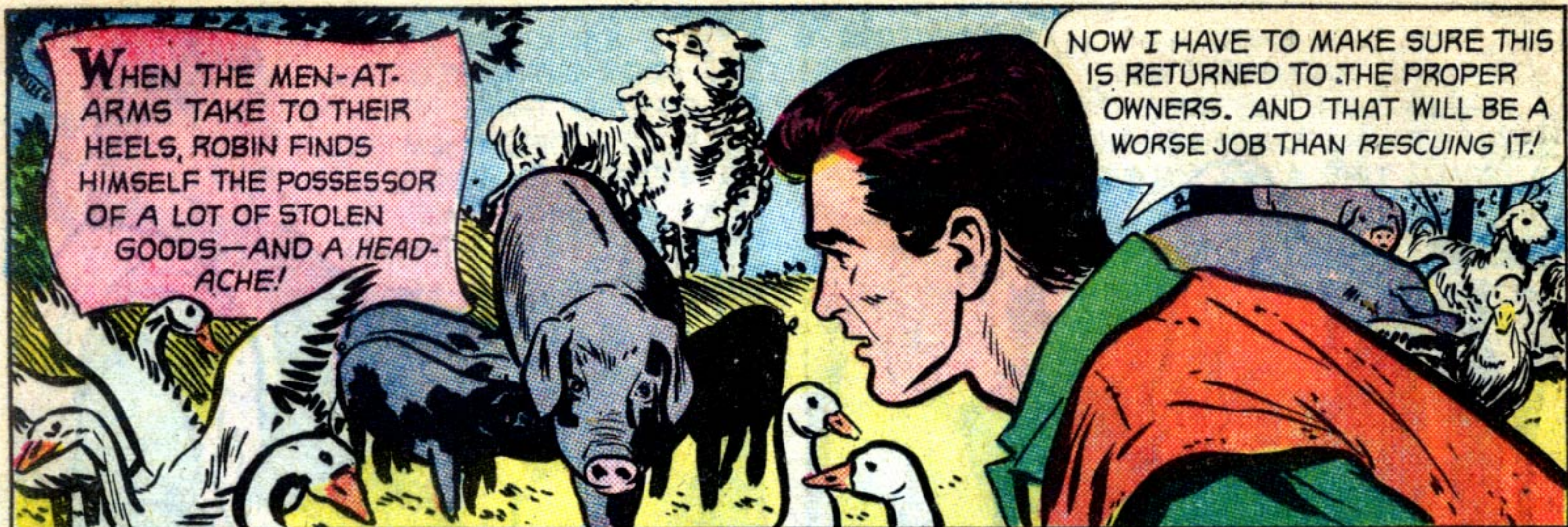


IN HOPWORTH, AND LORING ON THE HUMBER, THE STORY IS THE SAME!



TRUE, THE MASTER OF SHERWOOD CANNOT BE EVERYWHERE WITH HIS THIN LINE OF MERRY MEN, AND SO HE SELECTS THE DUNSTAN ROAD TO MAKE A STAND...





WHEN THE MEN-AT-ARMS TAKE TO THEIR HEELS, ROBIN FINDS HIMSELF THE POSSESSOR OF A LOT OF STOLEN GOODS—AND A HEAD-ACHE!

NOW I HAVE TO MAKE SURE THIS IS RETURNED TO THE PROPER OWNERS. AND THAT WILL BE A WORSE JOB THAN RESCUING IT!

WHEN HIS SOLDIERS BRING WORD OF THE DISASTER, SIR GUI RAGES LIKE A MADMAN...

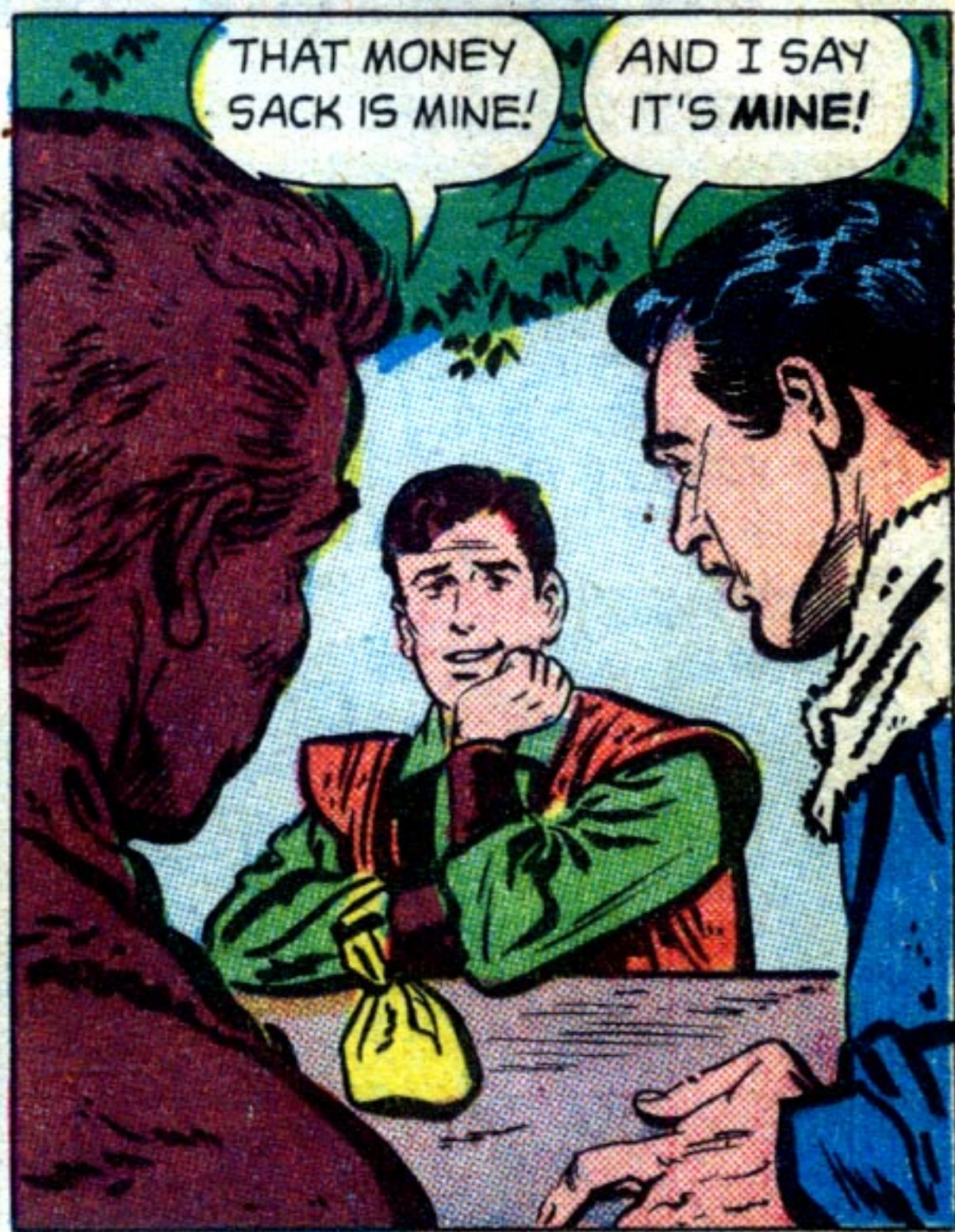


FOOLS! STUPID OAFS! CAN'T YOU JUST ONCE MANAGE TO ELUDE THAT ROBIN HOOD?



I MYSELF SHALL TAKE THE FIELD AGAINST HIM, WITH ALL MY BATTLE ARRAY! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE! FETCH MY ARMOR AT ONCE!

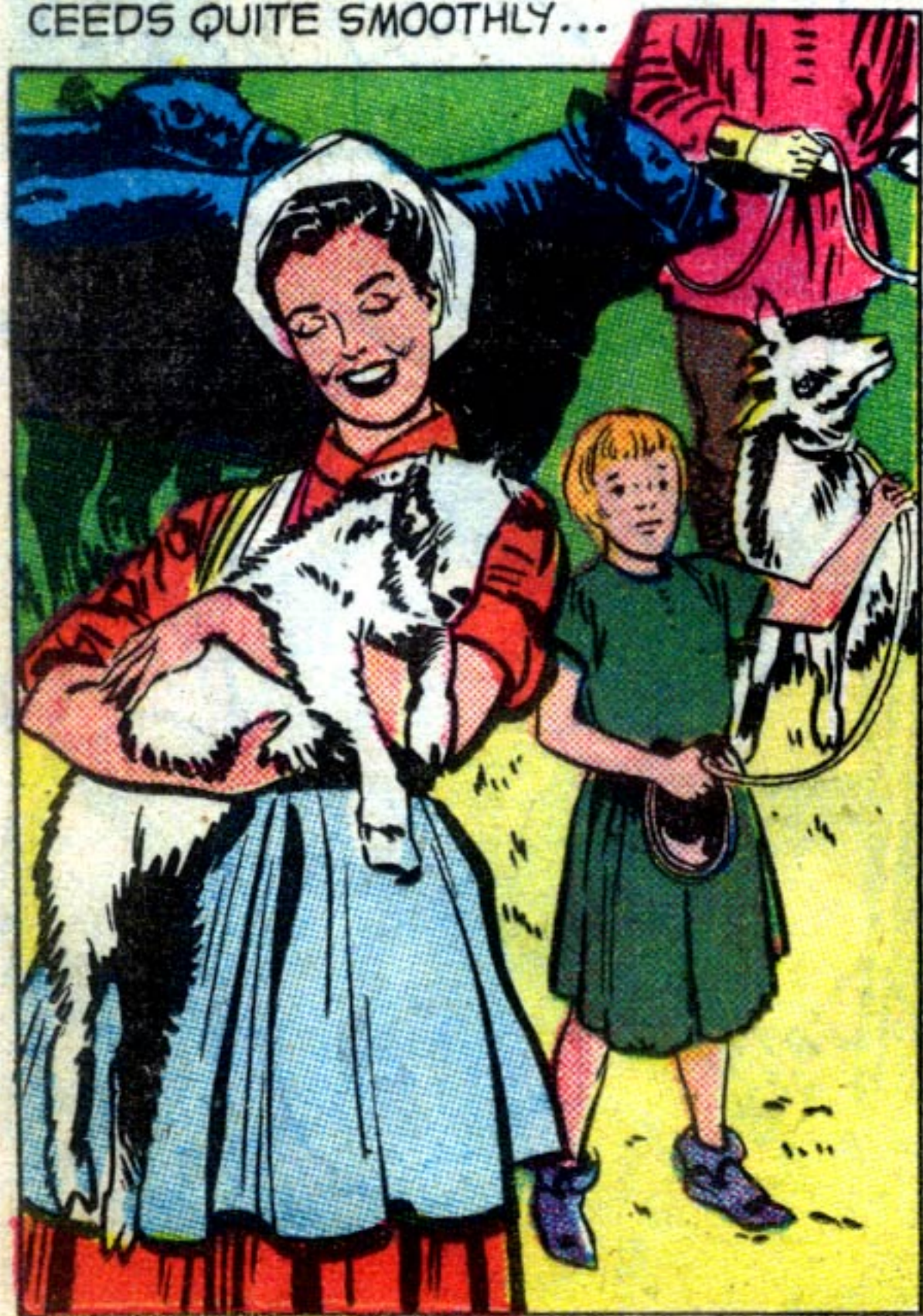
THERE IS SOME CONFUSION AT TIMES AS ROBIN ATTEMPTS TO RESTORE STOLEN GOODS TO THE RIGHTFUL OWNER...



THAT MONEY SACK IS MINE!

AND I SAY IT'S MINE!

BUT ON THE WHOLE, EVERYTHING PROCEEDS QUITE SMOOTHLY...



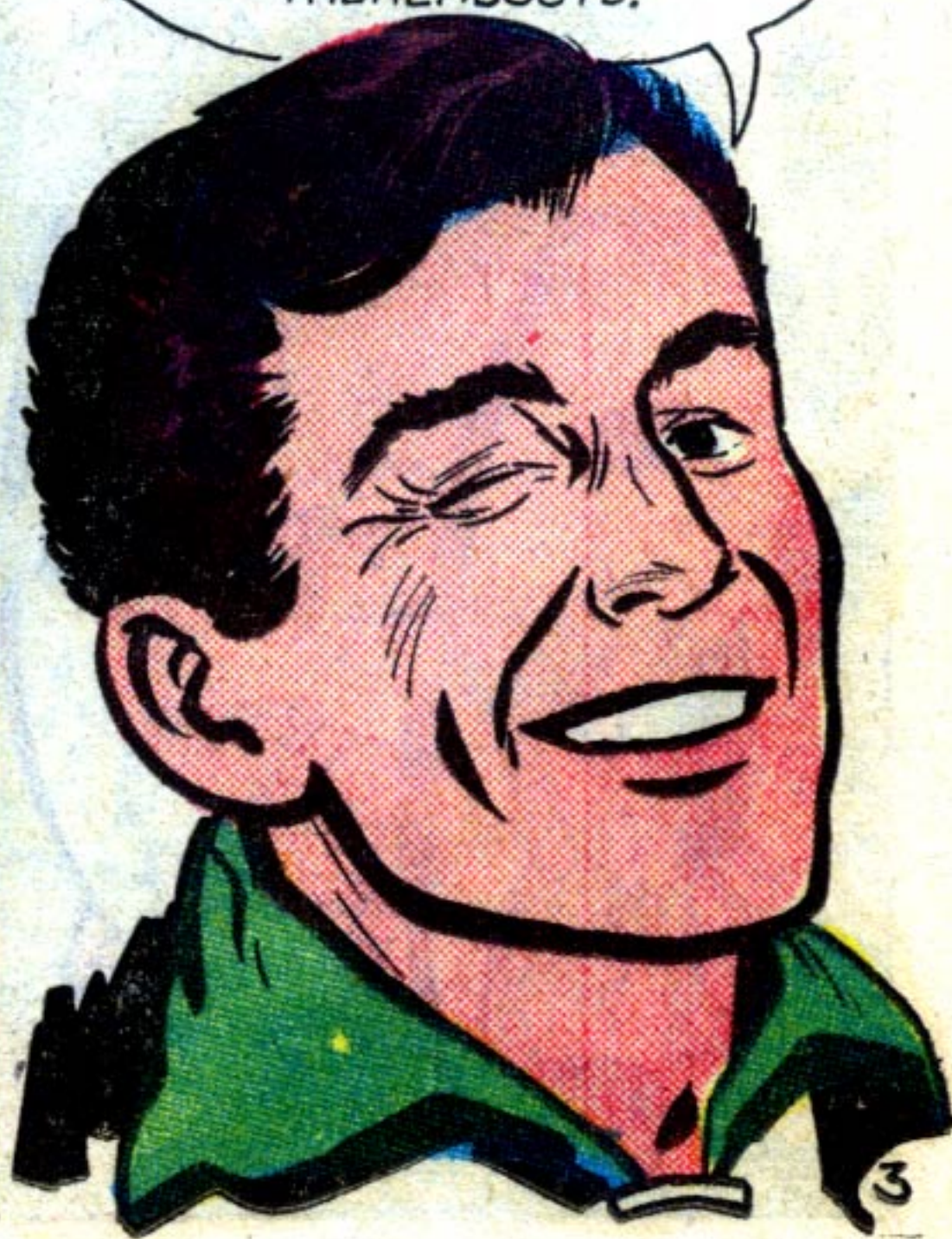
...UNTIL WORD COMES THAT SIR GUI RIDES WITH AN ARMY TO PUNISH THEM ALL!



SIR GUI BE ON HIS WAY NOW THROUGH THE FENS!

HE TAKES THE FEN ROAD, DOES HE?

THEN WE'LL PREPARE A SURPRISE FOR SIR GUI, AT THE BRIDGE THAT CROSSES THE RIVER THEREABOUTS!



THERE IS A CRUDE BRIDGE OVER THE FOREST RIVER, SOME MILES AWAY. WHEN SIR GUI AND HIS MEN ARE HALFWAY ACROSS...



THE MERRY MEN HAVE ALREADY WEAKENED THE BRIDGE. NOW IT NEEDS BUT A GOOD SLEDGEBLOW HERE AND THERE TO TOPPLE THE WHOLE STRUCTURE—



AND—!



I'LL GET HIM FOR THIS! MY WORD ON'T! I'LL GET ROBIN HOOD IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

STORMING IN RAGE, SIR GUI RIDES TO LONDON TOWN TO PLACE HIS PLEA BEFORE PRINCE JOHN...



SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT THAT MAN! HE MOCKS AND TAUNTS OUR EVERY LAW! HOW CAN WE MAKE THE PEASANTS PAY THE TAXES IF HE GIVES EVERYTHING WE STEAL BACK TO THEM?



I HAVE A PLAN WHEREBY WE CAN TAKE THIS ROGUE! SUPPOSE WE WERE TO IMPRISON ONE OF THESE POOR PEOPLE HE LIKES SO MUCH—FOR EVERY DAY HE REFUSES TO SURRENDER TO US?



A CLEVER SCHEME, FORSOOTH! THE ROGUE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF THIS!

HE WON'T LET US IMPRISON **MANY** OF THEM! THE MAN'S SO NOBLE HE'LL GIVE HIMSELF UP IF WE RELEASE THE ONES WE TAKE AS HOSTAGES!... I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS A LONG TIME AGO!

ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE OF THE NEW LAW—



PRINCE JOHN WILL SELECT ONE OF US TO GO TO HIS DUNGEONS—!

—UNTIL ROBIN HOOD GIVES HIMSELF UP TO BE HUNG!

THAT NIGHT, MERRY MEN RACE FROM VILLAGE HOUSE TO FARMHOUSE, WHISPERING A MOMENT WITH THE PEOPLE INSIDE, THEN RUNNING ON...



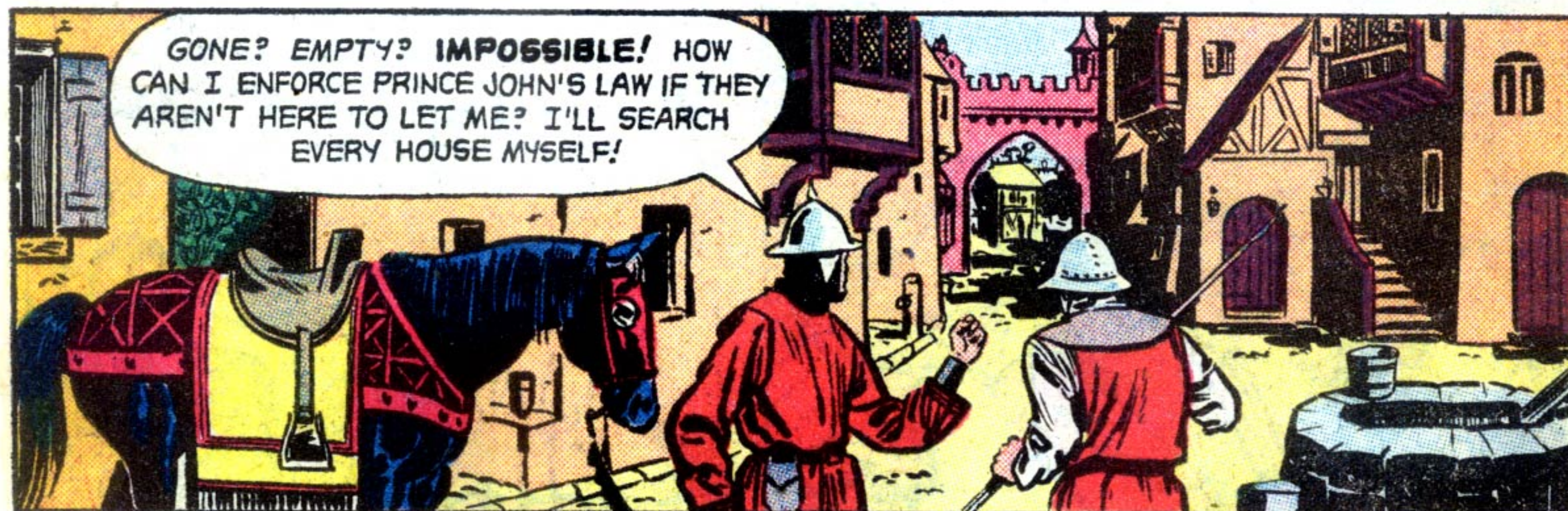
WE'LL DO WHAT ROBIN SAYS, ALAN-A-DALE!

IN THE MORNING, WHEN SIR GUI COMES TO TAKE HIMSELF A PEASANT AS HIS PRISONER, HE MEETS ONLY WITH AN OMINOUS SILENCE...



WELL, WHERE ARE THE FOOLS? DON'T THEY KNOW I AM TO CAPTURE ONE OF THEM AS A HOSTAGE?

THEY SEEM TO HAVE GONE SIR. THE VILLAGE IS EMPTY!



GONE? EMPTY? IMPOSSIBLE! HOW CAN I ENFORCE PRINCE JOHN'S LAW IF THEY AREN'T HERE TO LET ME? I'LL SEARCH EVERY HOUSE MYSELF!

SOMEWHAT DAZED—NOBLEMEN IN THOSE DAYS EXPECTED TO BE OBEYED IMPLICITLY NO MATTER WHAT THEY ORDERED!—SIR GUI RETURNS TO GLAMORE CASTLE...



I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! FIVE VILLAGES EMPTY OF EVERY LIVING SOUL! WHAT AM I DO?

—HERE ANOTHER SURPRISE AWAITS HIM!



WELL, WELL? WHERE IS MY DINNER?

THE PEASANT COOK AND ALL THE SERVANTS HAVE RUN OFF, SIR. THEY'RE AFRAID YOU'LL PUT THEM IN THE DUNGEONS!

YOU MEAN TO SAY WE HAVE TO 'GULP' COOK OUR OWN DINNERS IF WE 'GULP' EXPECT TO EAT?





'TIS THE ROGUE—**ROBIN HOOD!**
AH, AND HE DARES TO EAT BEFORE
MY VERY EYES! AND—AND I
HAVE NO STRENGTH LEFT TO
CAPTURE HIM!

SO MANY **SILLY**
LAWS HAVE BEEN
PASSED LATELY
BY PRINCE JOHN.
DON'T YOU AGREE,
SIR GUI?



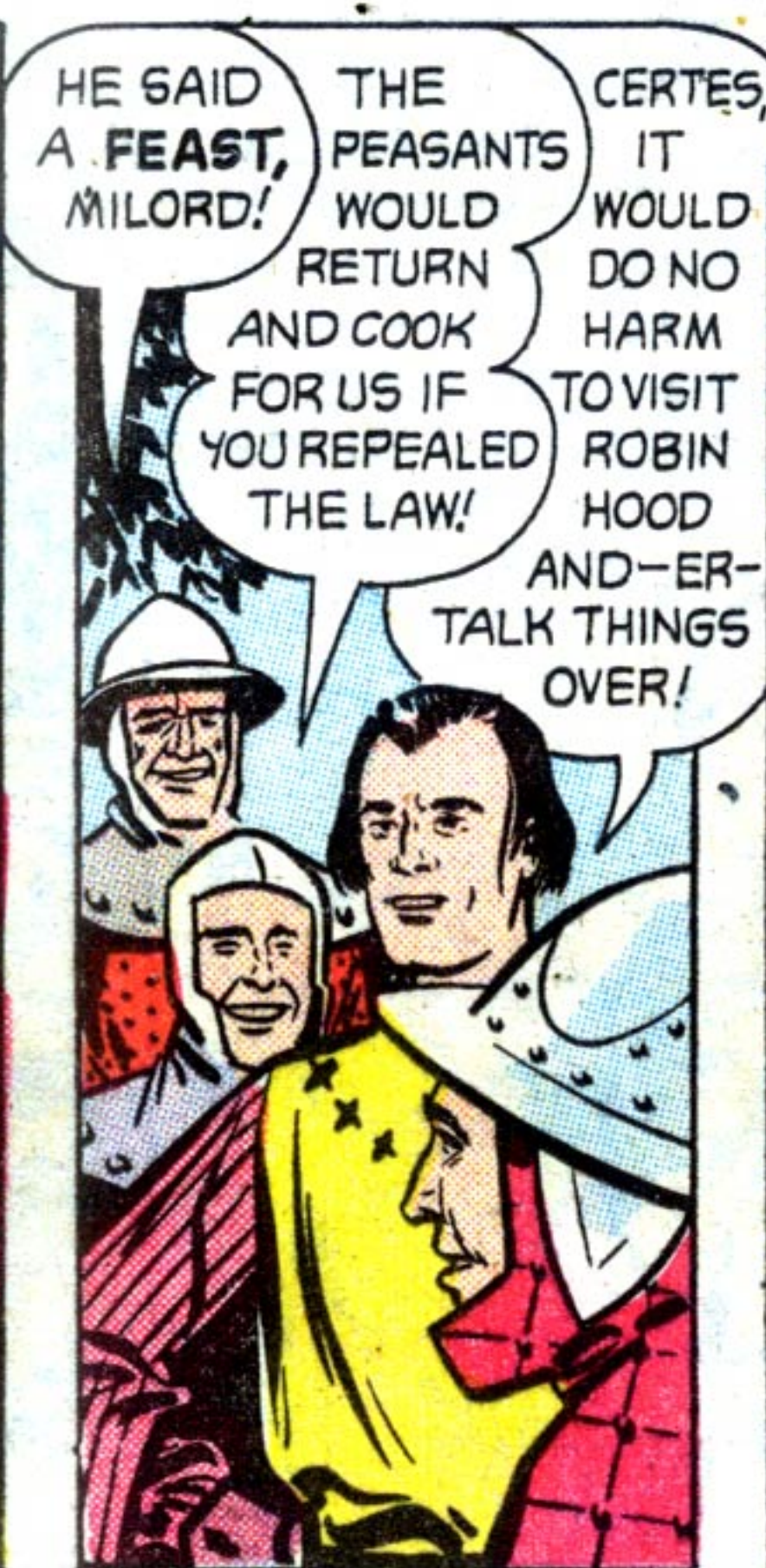
SOME OF THOSE LAWS
SHOULD BE REPEALED
BY **YOU** AS WARDER
OF THE MARCHES!

NO, I—I CANNOT
REPEAL IT... I
WOULD BE SHAMED
BEFORE
ALL MEN!



SO YOU WOULD. I FORGOT!
BUT— IF YOU CHANGE YOUR
MIND, I INVITE YOU TO A
FEAST TO
CELEBRATE
THAT REPEAL!

A—A **FEAST?**

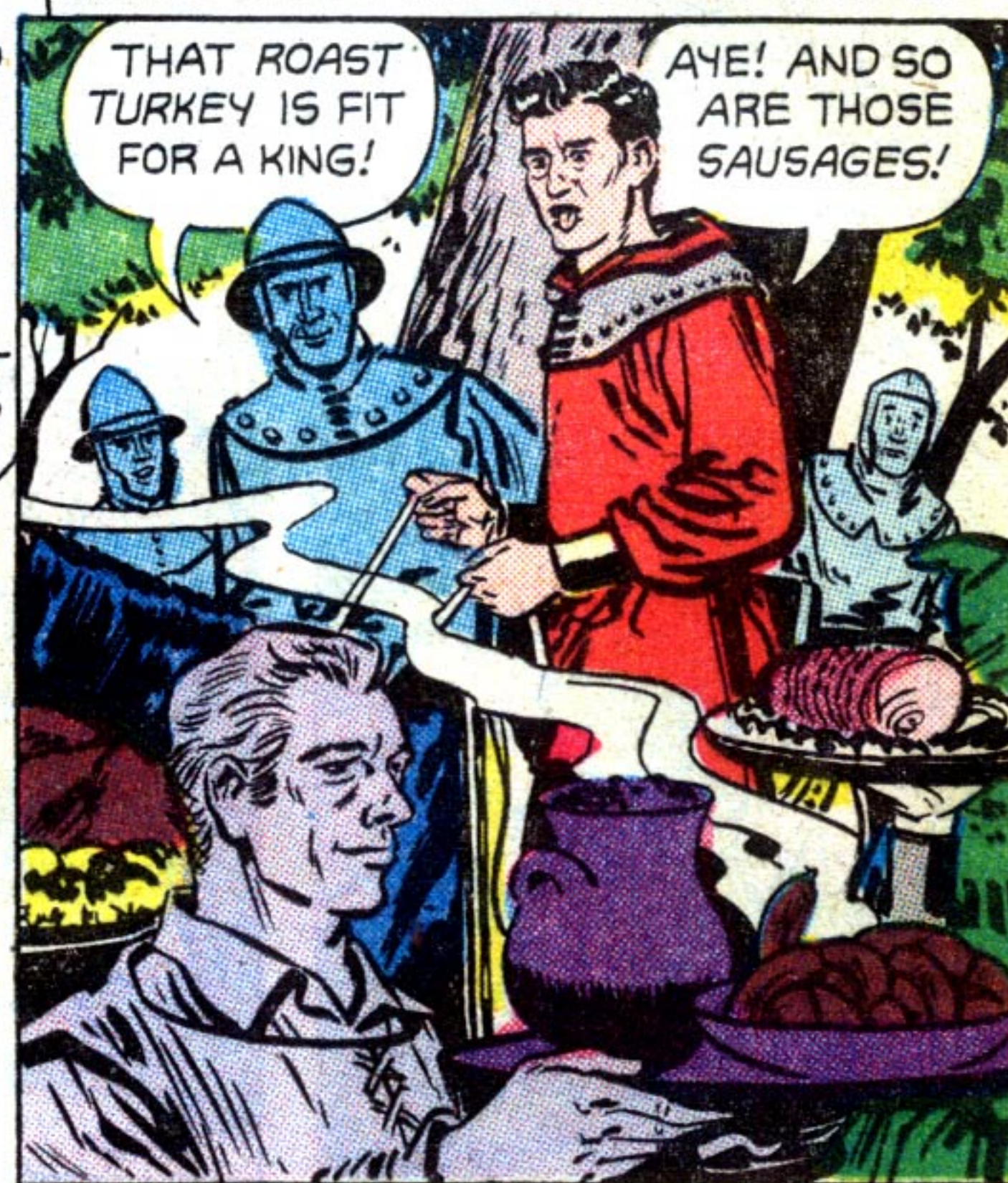


HE SAID
A **FEAST**,
MILORD!

THE
PEASANTS
WOULD
RETURN
AND COOK
FOR US IF
YOU REPEALED
THE LAW!

CERTES,
IT
WOULD
DO NO
HARM
TO VISIT
ROBIN
HOOD
AND—ER—
TALK THINGS
OVER!

AND SO SIR GUI OF GLAMORE AND HIS HALF-STARVED MEN-AT-ARMS LEAVE THE CASTLE...



THAT ROAST
TURKEY IS FIT
FOR A KING!

AYE! AND SO
ARE THOSE
SAUSAGES!



WE **EAT** AS
SOON AS YOU
SIGN THIS
REPEAL OF
THAT SILLY
LAW!

EAT!?! DON'T JUST STAND THERE,
ROBIN HOOD! GIVE ME THE PEN AND
PARCHMENT! AND TELL THEM TO
SERVE THE ROAST TURKEY
TO ME FIRST!



I NEVER
ENJOYED SIGN-
ING MY NAME
MORE!

YOU WILL
ALSO LOWER
YOUR HIGH TAXES,
MILORD. NOW THAT
I'VE POINTED OUT
THE WAY TO THEM,
THE PEASANTS
WILL SEE THEY'RE
WELL TREATED AFTER
THIS, ALL BY THEM-
SELVES. AND I MAY
NOT BE AROUND TO
FEED YOU, NEXT
TIME!

THE END

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**LONG JOHN SILVER
& CAPTAIN KIDD**

**PLUS A FLEET OF
4 PIRATE SHIPS**



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| 12 BUCCANEERS | 8 MERMAIDS |
| 4 TREASURE BEARERS | 8 TREASURE DIGGERS |
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| 4 PRISONERS | 8 MUSKETEERS |

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THEY MAKE WONDERFUL GIFTS!**

IN THE DAYS OF KNIGHTS

LONDON BRIDGE All boys and girls, at sometime or other in their lives, have chanted the old tune, *London Bridge is Falling Down!* The chances are that as they sang it, they never knew how old the song itself was, nor how old London Bridge is, for that matter.

The bridge over the Thames was not always the modern wonder it is today. The first recorded proof about the bridge dates from before the Twelfth Century, but it is definitely known that there was a bridge at that spot during the invasion of Britain by Julius Caesar (in 54 B.C.), for such a bridge was mentioned by the Roman historians, Cassius Dio and Tacitus. When the Romans conquered Britain and built *Londinium* (London) into a great city, they erected a fine bridge across the river at that same point. That the bridge must have been a large and strong one is evidenced by the fact that it held a huge metal statue of a Roman emperor.

From Roman times until the start of the middle ages, the bridge was allowed to deteriorate. Then such rulers as the Plantagenets interested themselves in it, and early in the Thirteenth Century the bridge was built up of stone. Peter of Colechurch was the architect and contractor. Houses were built on the bridge, and a splendid chapel was erected on it.

The houses on the bridge were regular houses, connected about sixteen feet above the street by walks or covered sections like upper rooms, called *haute-pas*. These *haute-pas* acted both as shelter from the rain for the shoppers and travellers on the bridge as well as reinforcements for the houses themselves. Shops, taverns, residences were among the types of houses.

There were nineteen pointed arches to the bridge, including an opening that was spanned by a drawbridge. The bridge was over nine hundred feet long, and was twenty feet wide. It was located near Botolph's Wharf. It was this bridge that existed all during medieval times (with minor repairs and additions).

Fourteen shops stood on the bridge. A famous inn of the middle ages was named "The Bear at the Bridge Foot," and the very name suggests how close it was to the bridge. On the southern entrance to the city there was a great stone barbican to guard the bridge.

When Edward — the Black Prince — returned with King John of France as his prisoner after the battle of Poitiers, he made a triumphal procession across London Bridge, at which time there was such a display of various kinds of arms and armor as to make everyone marvel. This was in the year 1356.

The bridge lasted — although allowed to get into a ruinous condition — until the middle of the eighteenth century. Then it was torn down and another bridge, more modern, was built to replace it.



STREET SCENES Since the best way to visualize life as it existed long ago is to reconstruct it, let us visualize a street scene. Our place is London Town, the street is Thames Street, far enough from the bridge to avoid much of the traffic and close by the Wallbrook, a river that has since disappeared from the London scene....

It is morning. We wake from our great four-poster bed in an upper room of the house (called a *solar*). We dress in under-shirt, leather jerkin, hose and pointed shoes if a boy, and in tunic, surcoat and *houppelande* if a girl. Actually, these are miniatures of the clothes our parents wear.

For breakfast, in the kitchen at a long table (called a *refectory table*), we eat freshly baked bread, some eggs, and drink a wooden mug of milk. Since this is a time of holiday, there will be no school and we can spend the morning playing at "hoodman blind" or riding the quintain (in which two playfellows will pull on a wheeled horse on which we ride, with spear in hand to knock over a chosen target).

But when we reach the cobblestoned street outside the house, we find an armed knight passing on his great warhorse, with some men-at-arms in mail shirts riding behind him, and we pause to stare. The knight has been to the Holy Land on a Crusade, as the red cross on his surcoat shows. He is big and looks very strong, and his armor consists of plates rivetted on over his chausses, or trousers of chainmail. His squire carries his lance and helmet.

Before the knight is gone, three pilgrims in plain wool garments come striding along. They have been to Canterbury to visit the shrine of Thomas à Beckett, and are returning home. They all carry staffs.

A large, two-wheeled cart trundles after them. It carries a huge barrel filled with ale. This is the ale-cart that is to be delivered to a tavern on Corn Hill.

Not far away are some open stalls — these are the shops. Father has told us that they do not vary too much in style from the open stalls that could be seen here in Roman times. The goods to be sold are hung from beams and rafters inside. The tradesman is there, seated in a small thatched chair. Nearby, a couple of chickens are scratching in the dirt for fallen seeds. They are from the butcher stall, where chickens and hogs and steers are sold fresh, if so desired. Just beyond the butcher stall is the shop where mother buys freshly made bread, buns and berry tarts.

From the street we turn to the river, where a big sailing vessel, called a cog, is moving downriver toward the ocean. It has high sides and two square "castles" at fore and stern. The single sail is filling with wind. The ship carries English wool and grain for trading on the continent. It will return with German armor and Flemish clothwork.

The sounds of a hammer on wood attracts us and we go to watch a carpenter in his shop making an *aumbrey* or tall cupboard for some noble household. These cupboards hold clothes, chinaware, linens, and all the various odds and ends of daily living.

We do not have a lot of furniture in our house, though we are as well-to-do as most Londoners. Father is a merchant, owning several ships and warehouses. He might even be called rich. Yet we do not have more than two of these big cupboards, some tables and chairs, and as many beds as are needed. Two of the beds have been handed down in our family for some years.

In the back of the house is a large yard, walled with stone. Here is the garden where is grown lettuce, watercress, cucumbers, beets, mustard and cabbage. Mother often comes and sits in the arbor to watch the men work in the garden, for this is one of her duties. She must make sure there are enough flowers for the house chapel and enough food at table for us all. Sometimes our older sister helps mother at her duties, such as spinning and weaving, and supervising the preparation of the meals.

The whole day belongs to us, for there are only two meals. Our second meal is the supper, eaten at five o'clock. There will be candles on the table then, and if father is in a particularly good mood, he may hire some minstrels to come in and entertain us with their songs and little skits.

But supper is many hours away. We still have all the day before us. A tinker passes us with his workbox strapped on his back and his bellows tied to it. Fruit sellers approach with their great wicker baskets in which can be found apples, plums, peaches and persimmons. A haircutter with shears and razors dangling from his broad leather belt walks by just ahead of a man tied to a short wooden sled that is dragged by a horse. He is a baker, accused of short-weighing his bread; he is being taken to the pillory to be punished.

The shouts liven up the scene. "Hot peascods!" cry some. "Green rushes for your floors!" and "Hot cross buns!" shout others.

Oh, it is wonderful to stand before your door and see almost the whole world pass by! But then we see our friends — school children also — who shout to us to come and play bob apple, so off we run, . . .

* * *

In the next issue, if you like these reconstructions of life in the middle ages, we will take you to the country perhaps, or to a day at a manor, or to the battlefield with a soldier of the times.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF ROBIN HOOD, published quarterly at Sparta, Randolph, Illinois, for October 1, 1956.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, SUSSEX PUBLISHING COMPANY, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.
Editor, RAYMOND C. KRANK, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.
Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, JACK SULLIVAN, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Sussex Publishing Company, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Vincent Sullivan, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state). None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder

appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

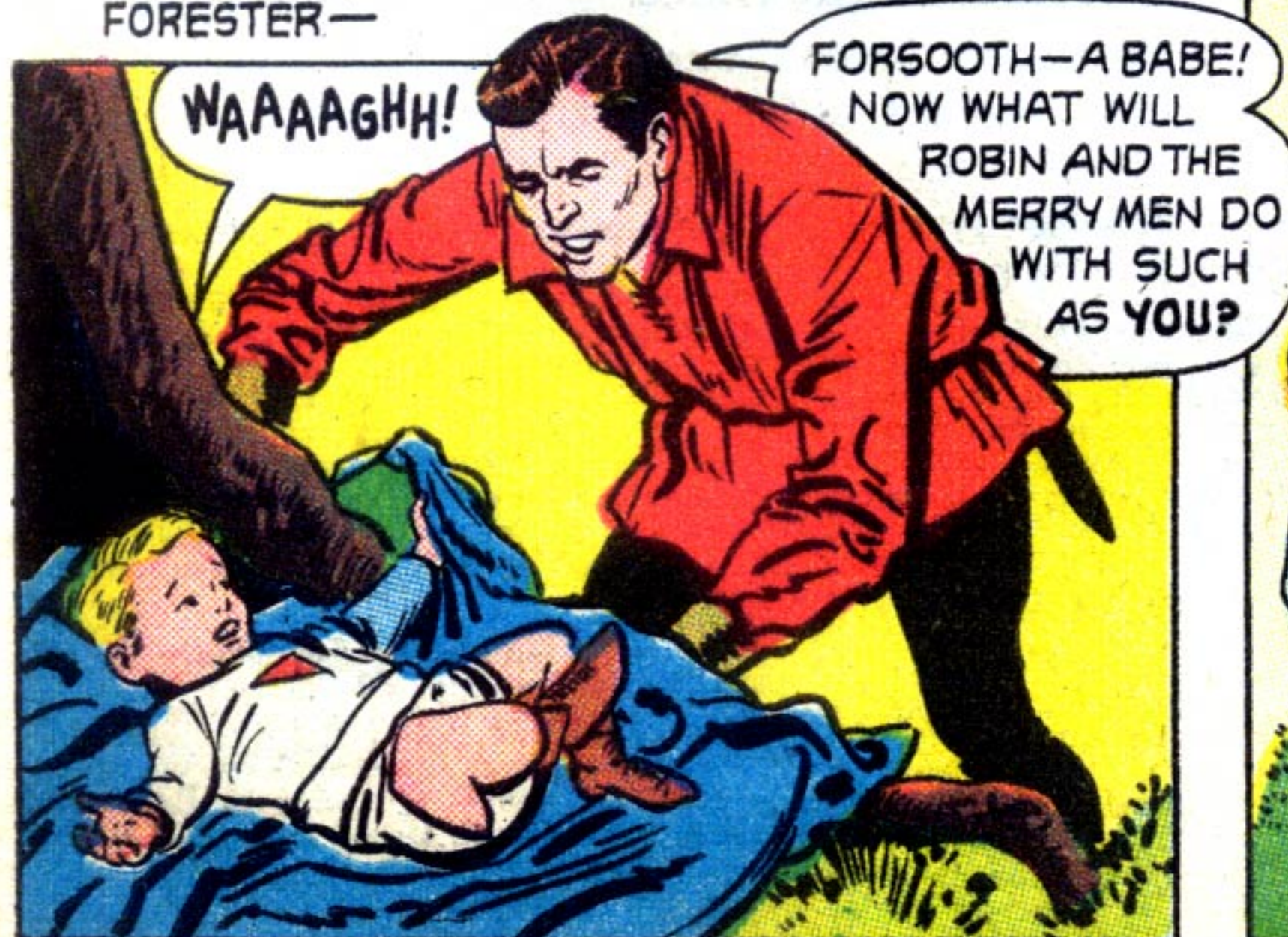
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of January, 1957.

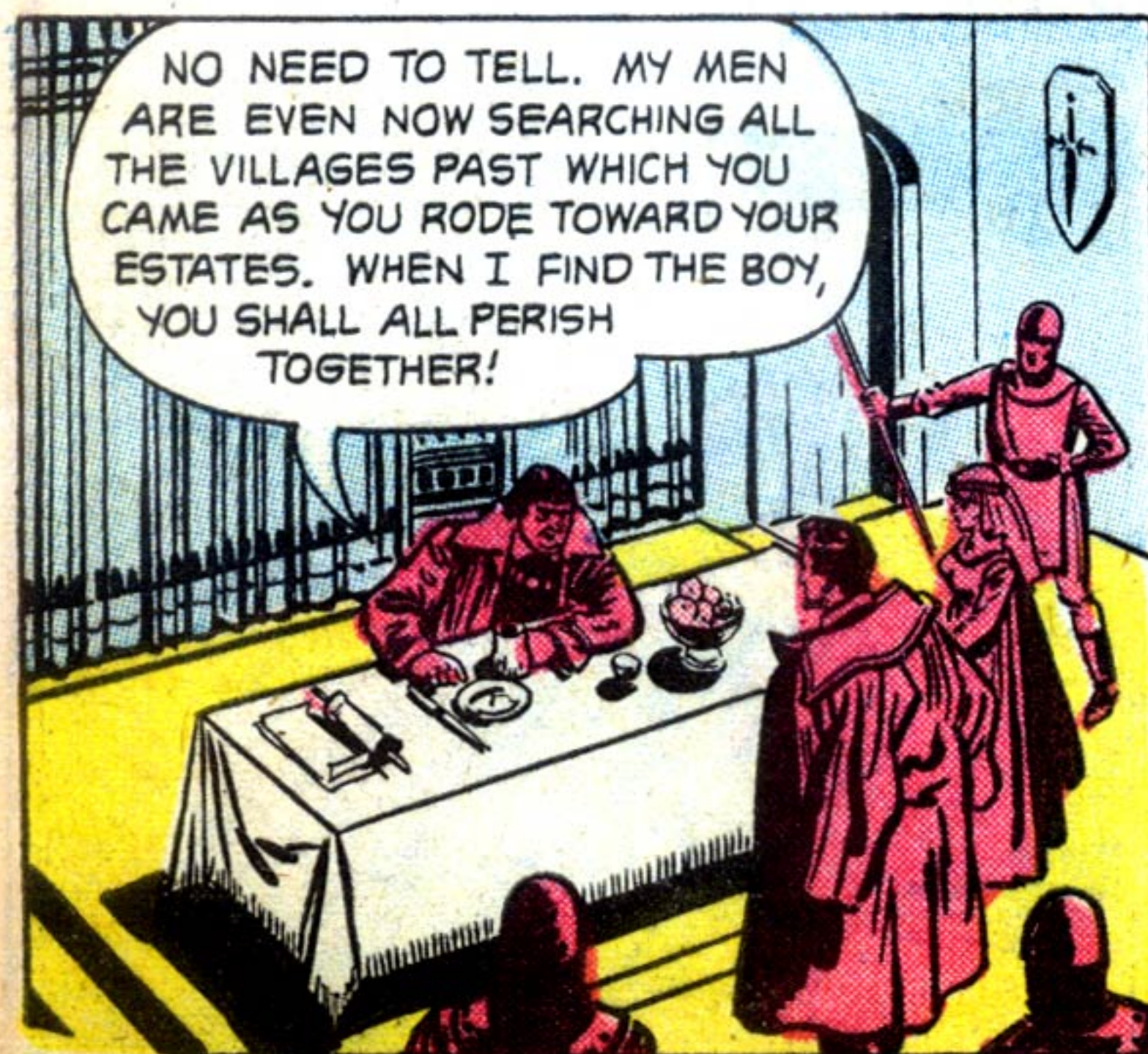
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No. 03-7747800. Qualified in Bronx Co.
Certs. filed with Bronx & N. Y. Co. Clk.
& Reg.

Commission Expires March 30, 1958.



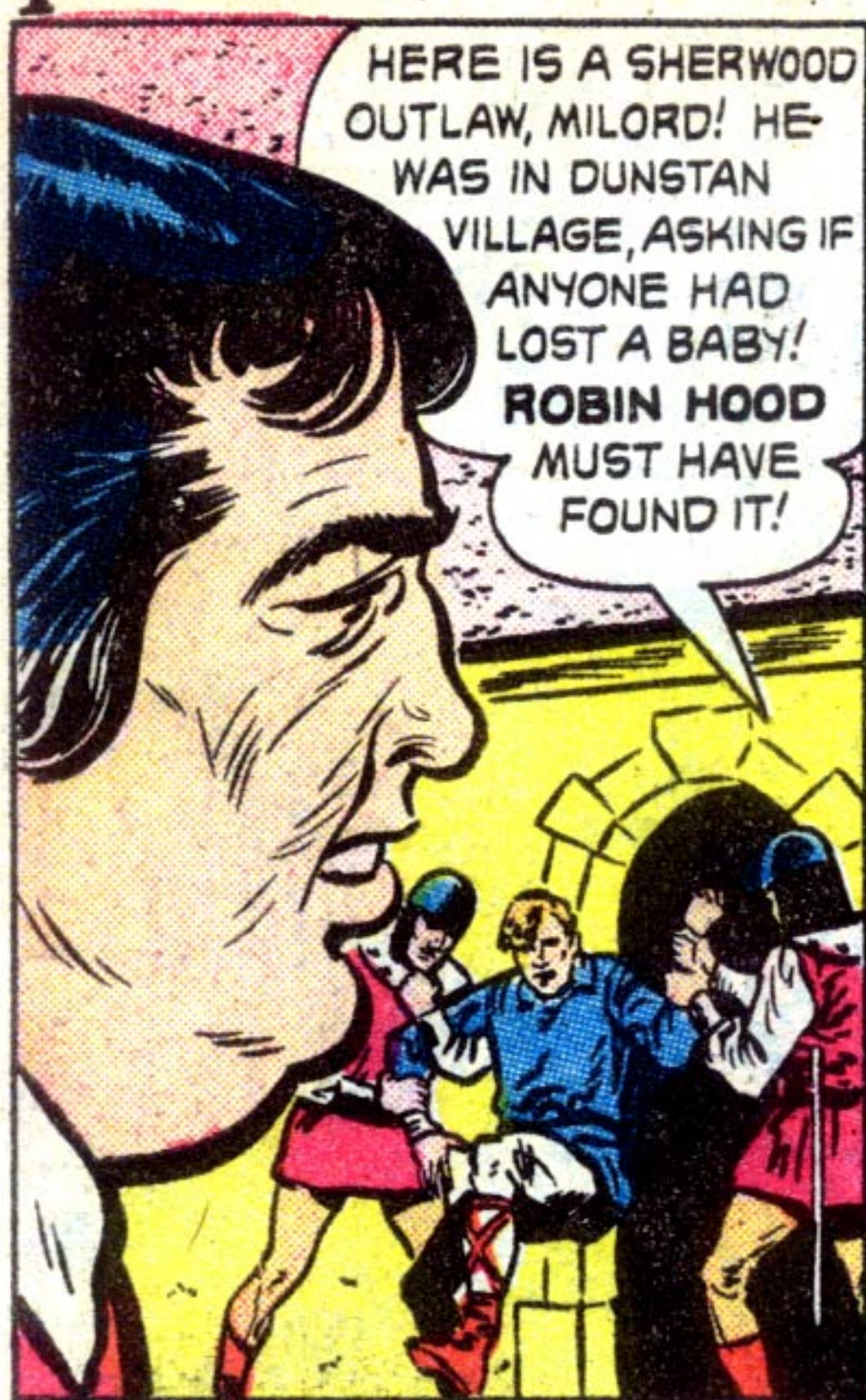
A FAINT, WAILING CRY RESOUNDS THROUGH THE FOREST GLADES, ATTRACTING THE KEEN EYES OF A FORESTER—





WHILE LORD JAMES MANNERING AND THE LADY ALICE LANGUISH IN THE DUNGEONS OF NOTTINGHAM, THE MEN-AT-ARMS IN THE SERVICE OF ROBERT MURDACH TRAVEL TO THIS VILLAGE AND THAT, SEEKING THE CHILD...

TWO DAYS LATER, AT NOTTINGHAM—



HERE IS A SHERWOOD OUTLAW, MILORD! HE WAS IN DUNSTAN VILLAGE, ASKING IF ANYONE HAD LOST A BABY! **ROBIN HOOD** MUST HAVE FOUND IT!

IF ROBIN HOOD FOUND THE BABE, HE'S DONE ME A SERVICE FOR THE FIRST TIME! SUMMON DAME MAUDE! SHE'LL RIDE WITH ME TO SHERWOOD FOREST AND CLAIM THE BABY AS HER OWN!



NEXT DAY, DEEP IN THE FOREST GLADES...

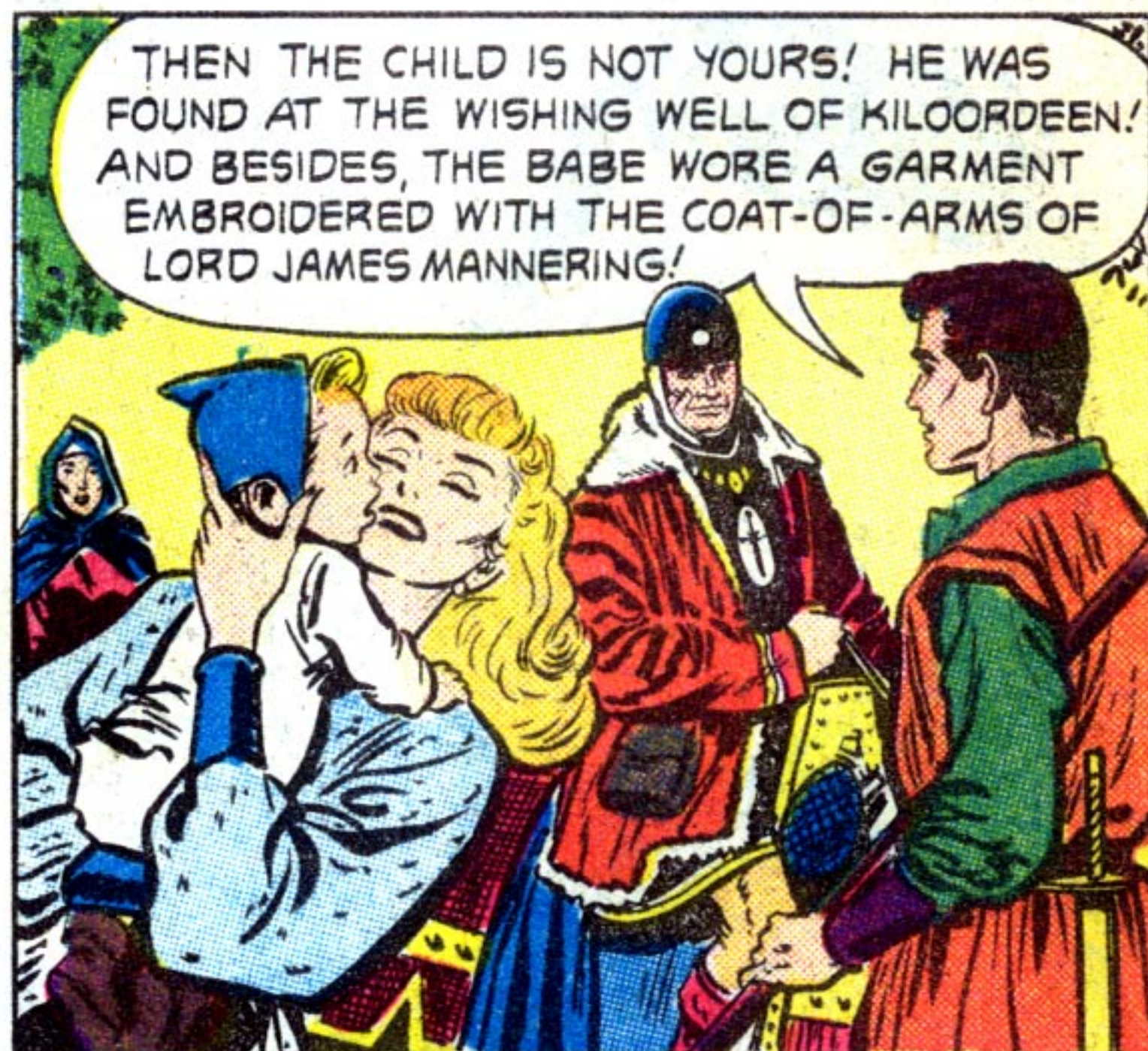
I COME UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE TO RECOVER THE CHILD YOU FOUND. IT IS THE SON OF DAME MAUDE, WHO IS IN MY SERVICE.

RIGHT GLADLY WILL I GIVE YOU THE CHILD, **ROBERT MURDACH**—



—IF YOUR GOOD DAME MAUDE CAN TELL ME WHERE SHE LEFT THE CHILD, AND WHERE WE FOUND IT!

WHY, ER—ER—I LEFT IT CLOSE BY THE ROAD TO DUNSTAN VILLAGE!

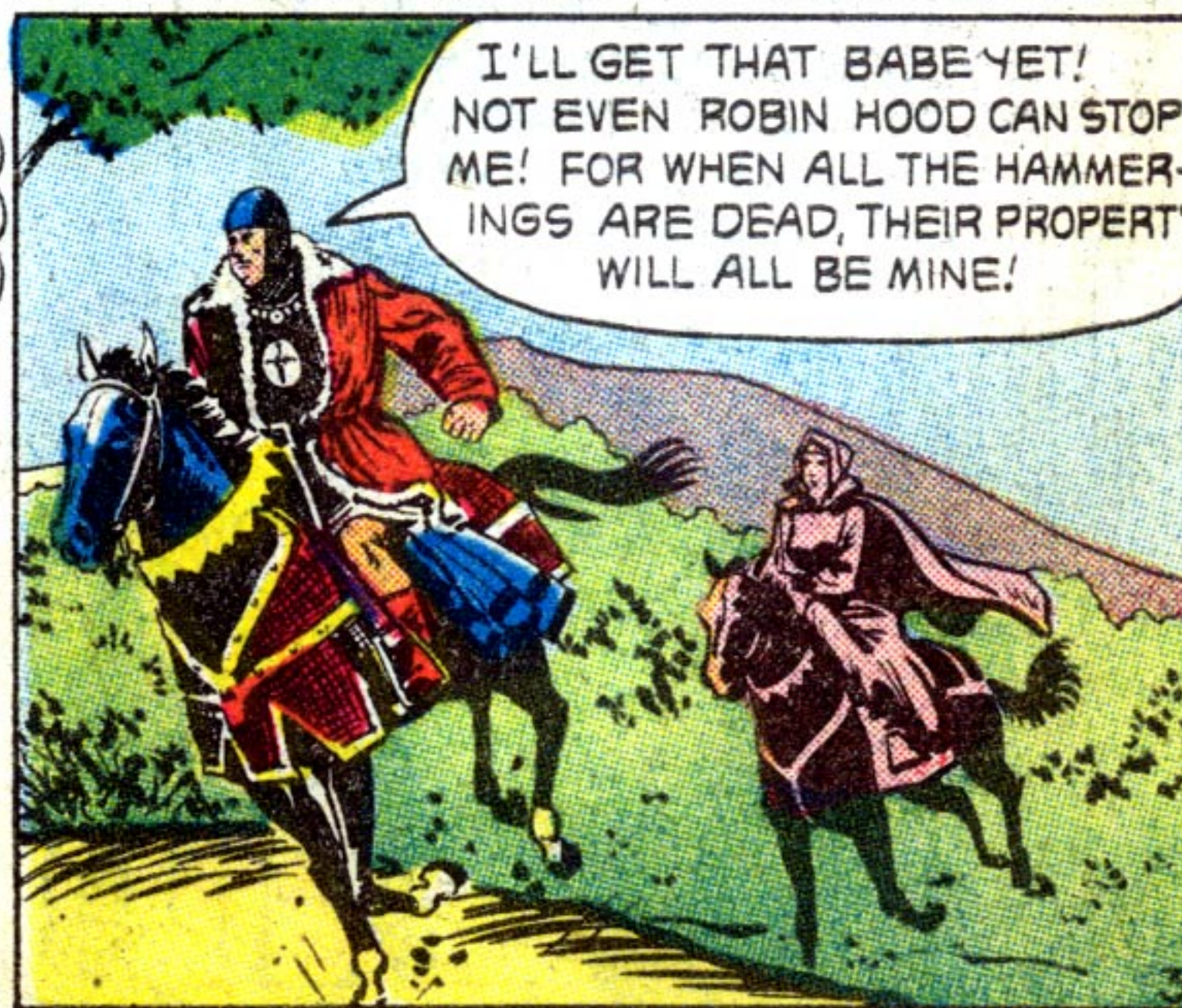


THEN THE CHILD IS NOT YOURS! HE WAS FOUND AT THE WISHING WELL OF KILOORDEEN! AND BESIDES, THE BABE WORE A GARMENT EMBROIDERED WITH THE COAT-OF-ARMS OF LORD JAMES MANNERING!



ROBERT MURDACH WANTS TO GET HIS HANDS ON THE CHILD—BUT WHY? I THINK I SHALL HAVE TO CONTACT MY SPIES IN NOTTINGHAM AND LEARN MORE OF THIS MATTER!

RAGING IN ANGER, ROBERT MURDACH GALLOPS FURIOUSLY ALONG THE ROAD TO NOTTINGHAM...

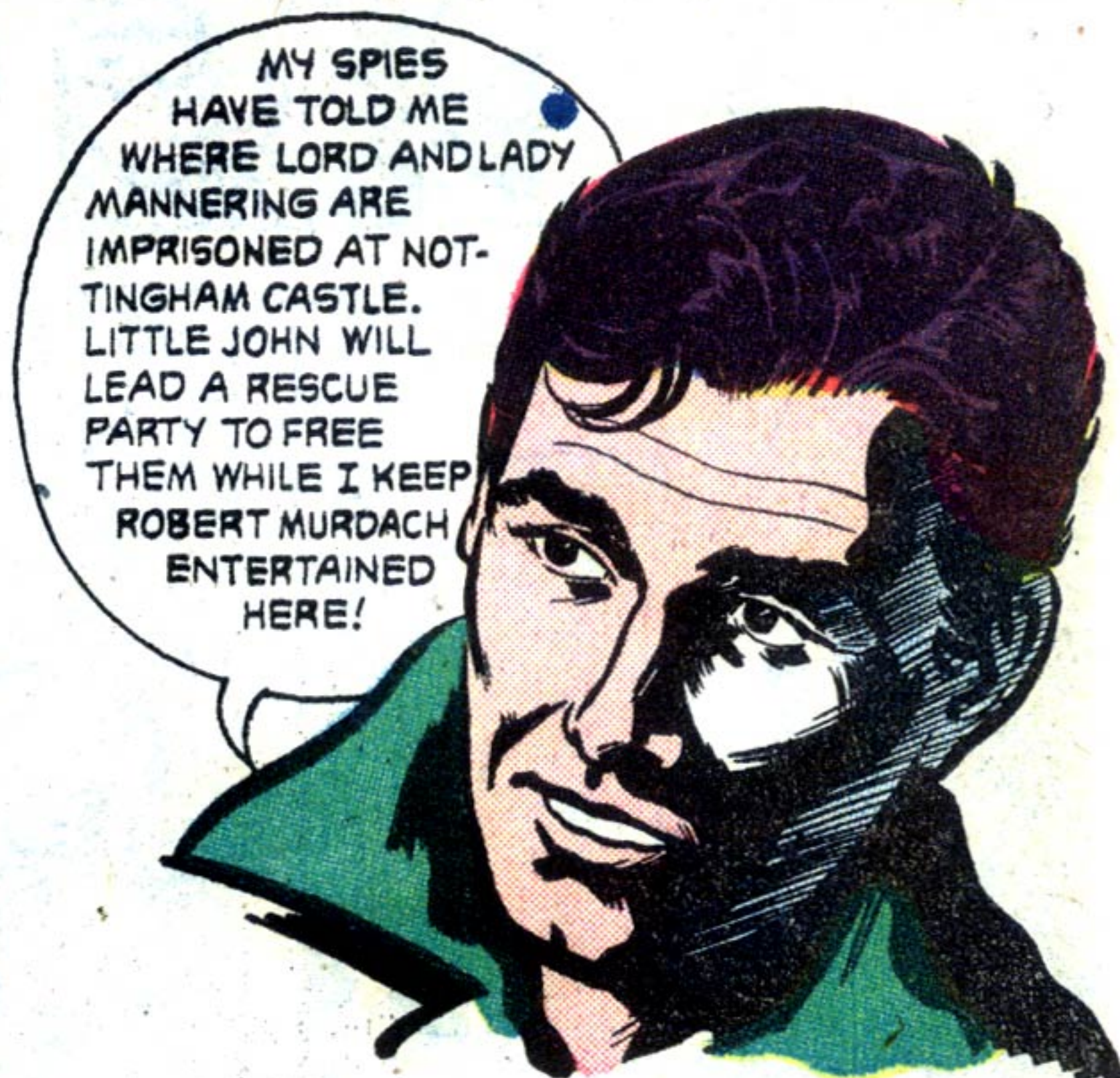


I'LL GET THAT BABE YET! NOT EVEN ROBIN HOOD CAN STOP ME! FOR WHEN ALL THE HAMMERINGS ARE DEAD, THEIR PROPERTY WILL ALL BE MINE!

TWO DAYS LATER, AN ARROW THUDS INTO A TREE NEAR WHERE ROBERT MURDACH HUNTS THE WILD BOAR...



AT THE CAMP OF THE MERRY MEN, LATER THAT SAME DAY...



AS ROBERT MURDACH TRAVELS ALONG THE ROADS OF NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, HIS LITTLE COLUMN IS ATTACKED SUDDENLY BY A BAND OF RAGGED ROGUES...



THERE IS MUCH GOOD FIGHTING, INCLUDING AN ATTACK ON THE CURTAINED WAGON THAT HOLDS THE COFFER OF GOLD..



ONE SWIFT CLAPPER-CLAW RACES OFF WITH THE CHEST UNDER HIS ARM, DESPITE ROBERT MURDACH'S HOWLS FOR ITS RETURN!



SUDDENLY THE HUNTING HORN OF THE MERRY MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST BLOWS. AT THAT SOUND, THE HIGHWAY THIEVES SCATTER FOR SHELTER—



WOULD THAT THOSE ROBBERS HEADED MY HORN THE WAY THEY HEED THAT OF ROBIN HOOD!

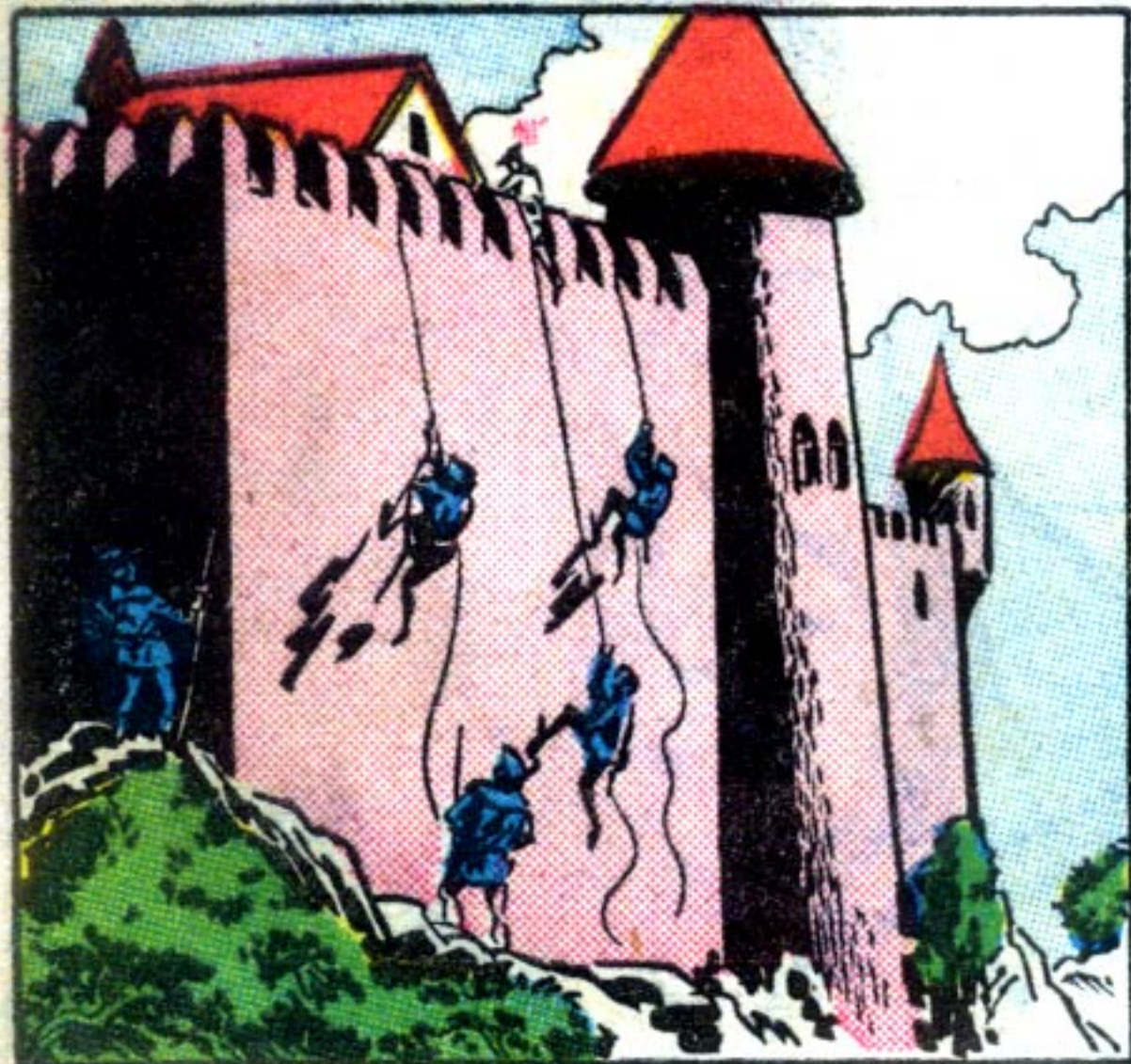
TARA-TA-TARATA

I CAUGHT THE RASCAL WHO SOUGHT TO STEAL YOUR COFFER OF GOLD. I AM HERE TO RETURN IT TO YOU!

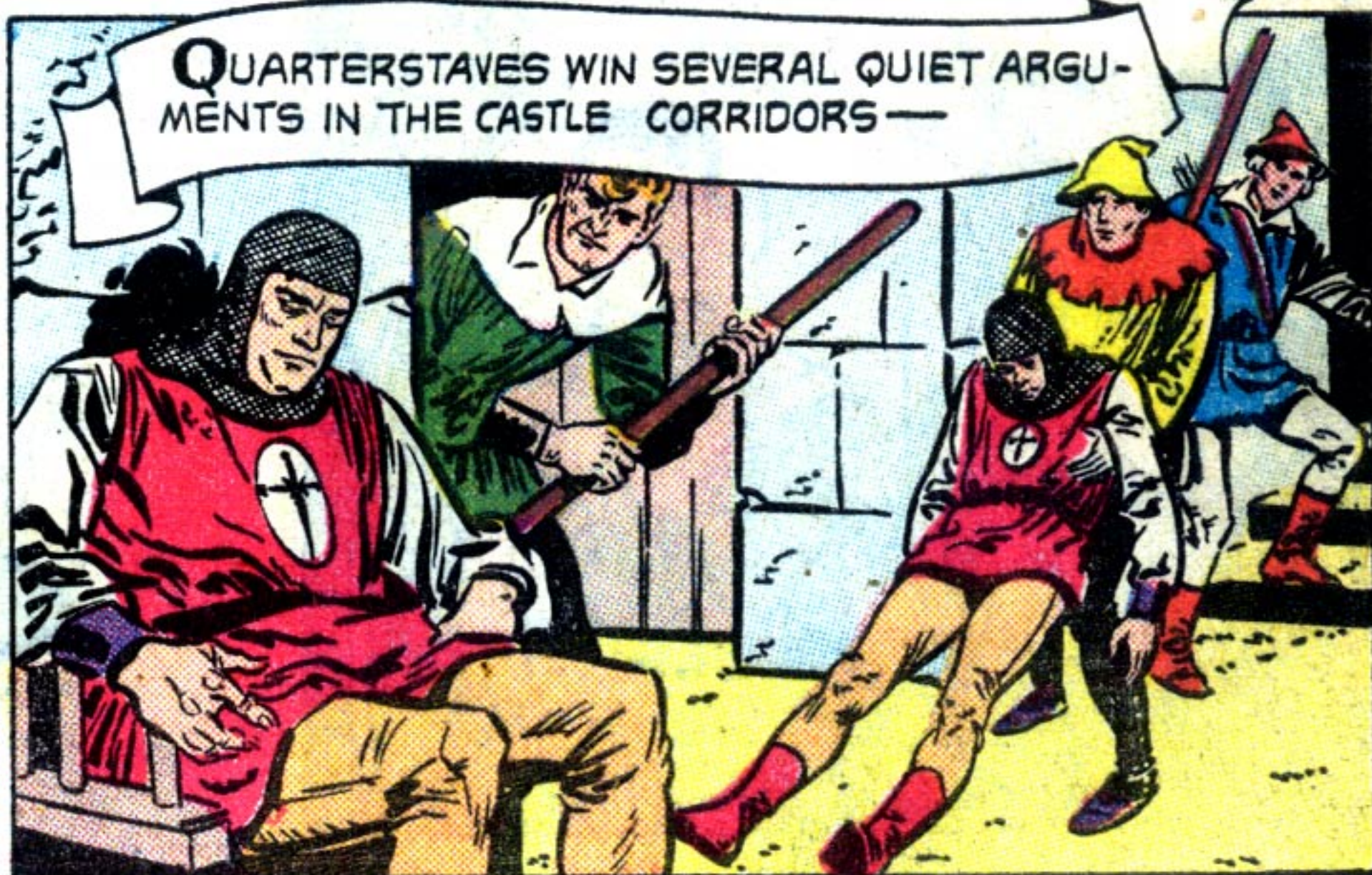


WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE? THIS MAKES TWICE YOU'VE HELPED ME! I THANK THEE, IN ALL TRUTH. HAD THE GOLD BEEN STOLEN—I COULD NOT HAVE IT ON HAND TO PAY YOU FOR THE BABE!

MEANWHILE AT NOTTINGHAM CASTLE—



QUARTERSTAVES WIN SEVERAL QUIET ARGUMENTS IN THE CASTLE CORRIDORS—



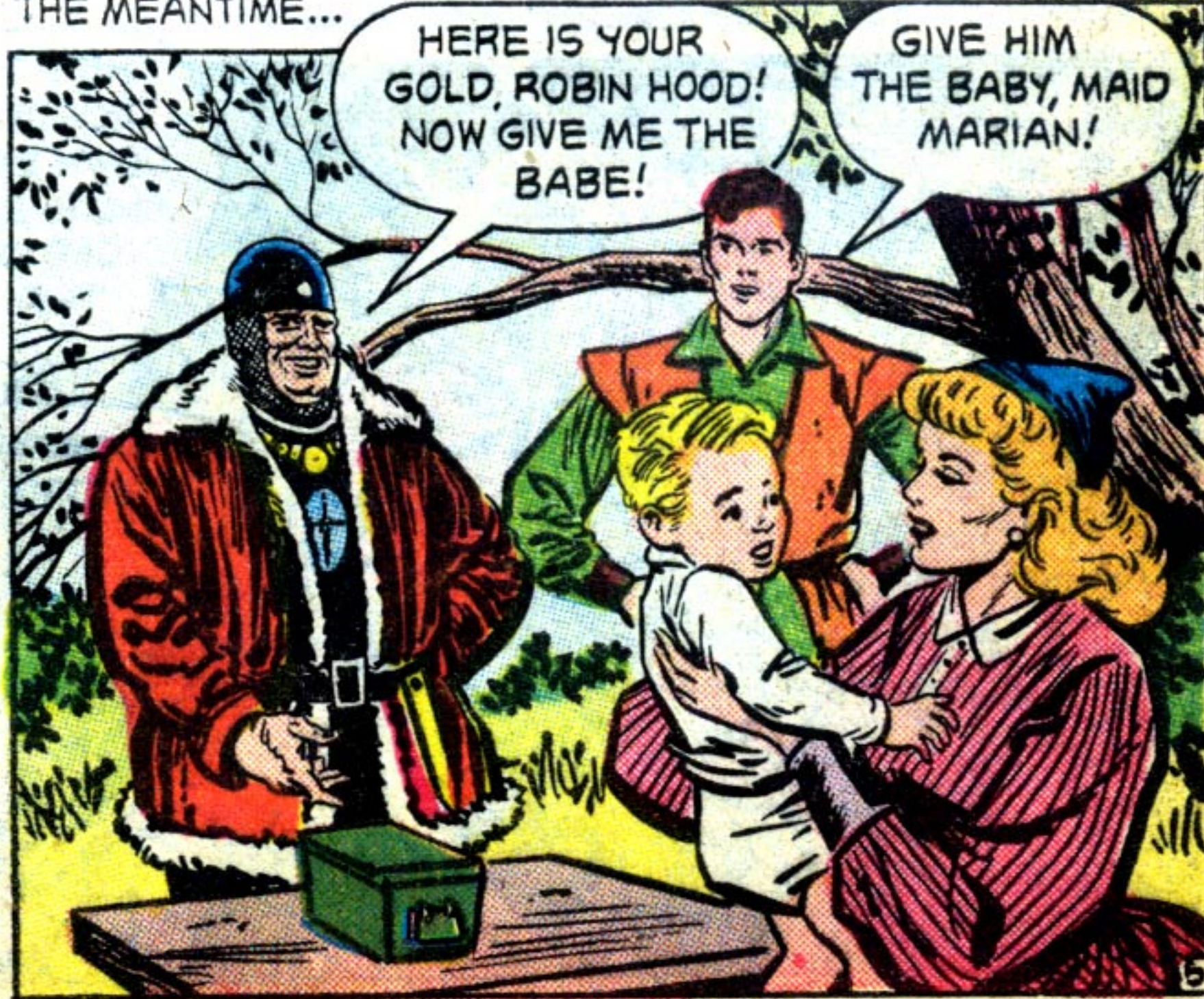
A KEY GRATES IN A LOCK. A DUNGEON DOOR SWINGS OPEN...



THIS WAY, MILORD AND LADY! ROBIN HOOD SENDS GREETINGS TO YOU, AND ASKS YOU TO SHARE HIS FREEDOM IN SHERWOOD FOREST!

AN INVITATION WE ACCEPT RIGHT HAPPILY!

AT THE CAMP OF THE SHERWOOD FOREST MERRY MEN, IN THE MEANTIME...

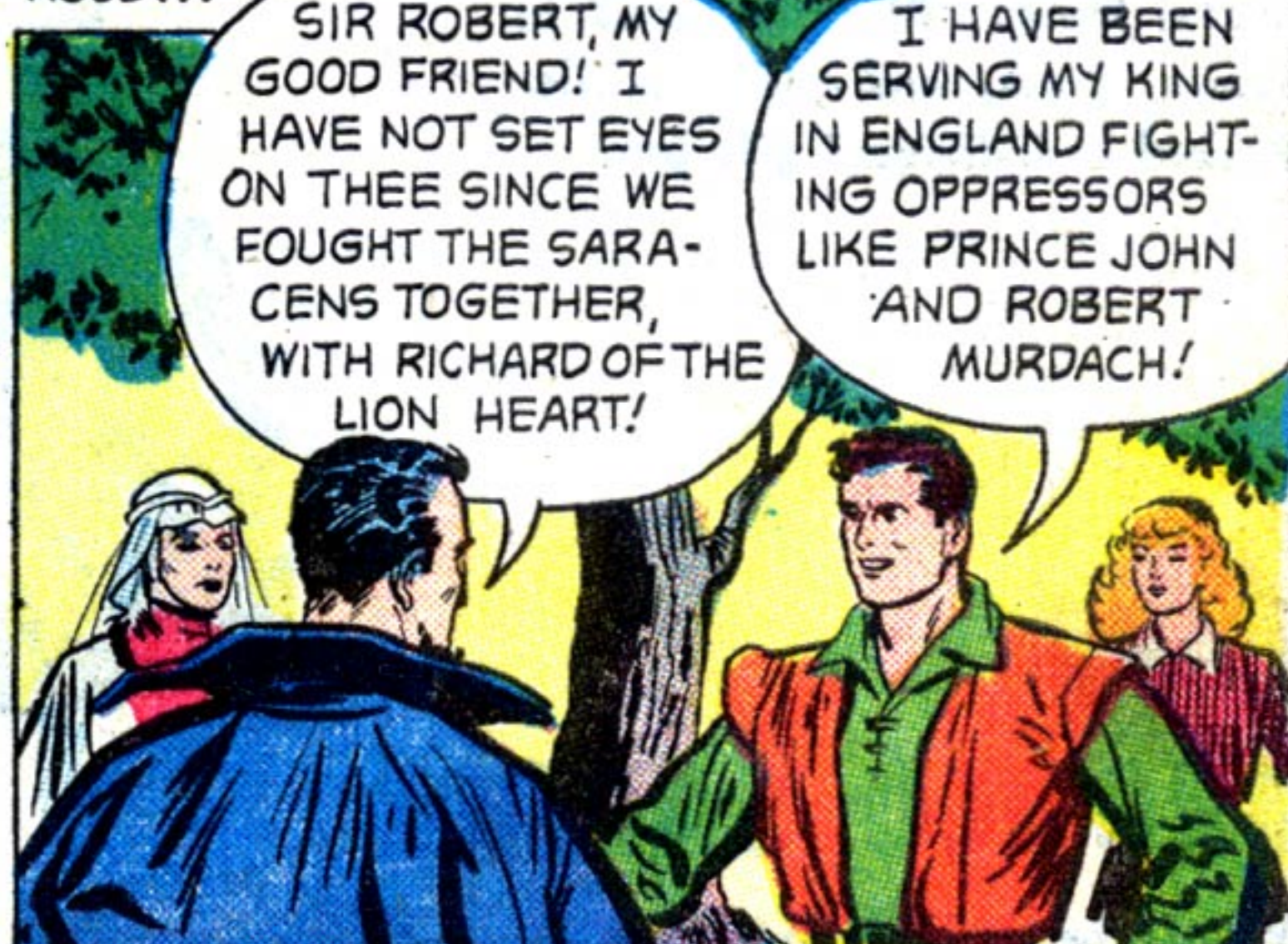


HERE IS YOUR GOLD, ROBIN HOOD! NOW GIVE ME THE BABE!

GIVE HIM THE BABY, MAID MARIAN!



HOURS LATER, SIR JAMES MANNERING IS RECEIVED BY SIR ROBERT OF HUNTINGDON, WHO IS ALSO ROBIN HOOD...



NEXT DAY A GREAT SHIP SAILS SOUTH FOR THE HOLY LAND, WITH LORD MANNERING, THE LADY ALICE, AND THE BABE UPON IT. BUT BY THE TIME IT REACHES THE HOLY LAND, KING RICHARD IS GONE FROM IT. AND NOT UNTIL SOME YEARS LATER DOES THE RIGHTFUL KING OF ENGLAND RETURN TO JOIN WITH ROBIN HOOD IN SUPPRESSING ALL EVIL IN THE LAND...



BUCKAROOS!

WESTERNIZE YOUR BIKE AND TRIKE

PINTO HEAD

\$2.98

Young cowpokes will fall in love at first sight with this Pinto Pony Head. It is made of tough but soft vinyl, designed to fit any bike or trike. This handsome horse's head, designed by one of America's foremost sculptors, will make every buckaroo believe he is riding a real horse. Richly colored in brown, black, and pink nostrils. Packed in individual gift box.

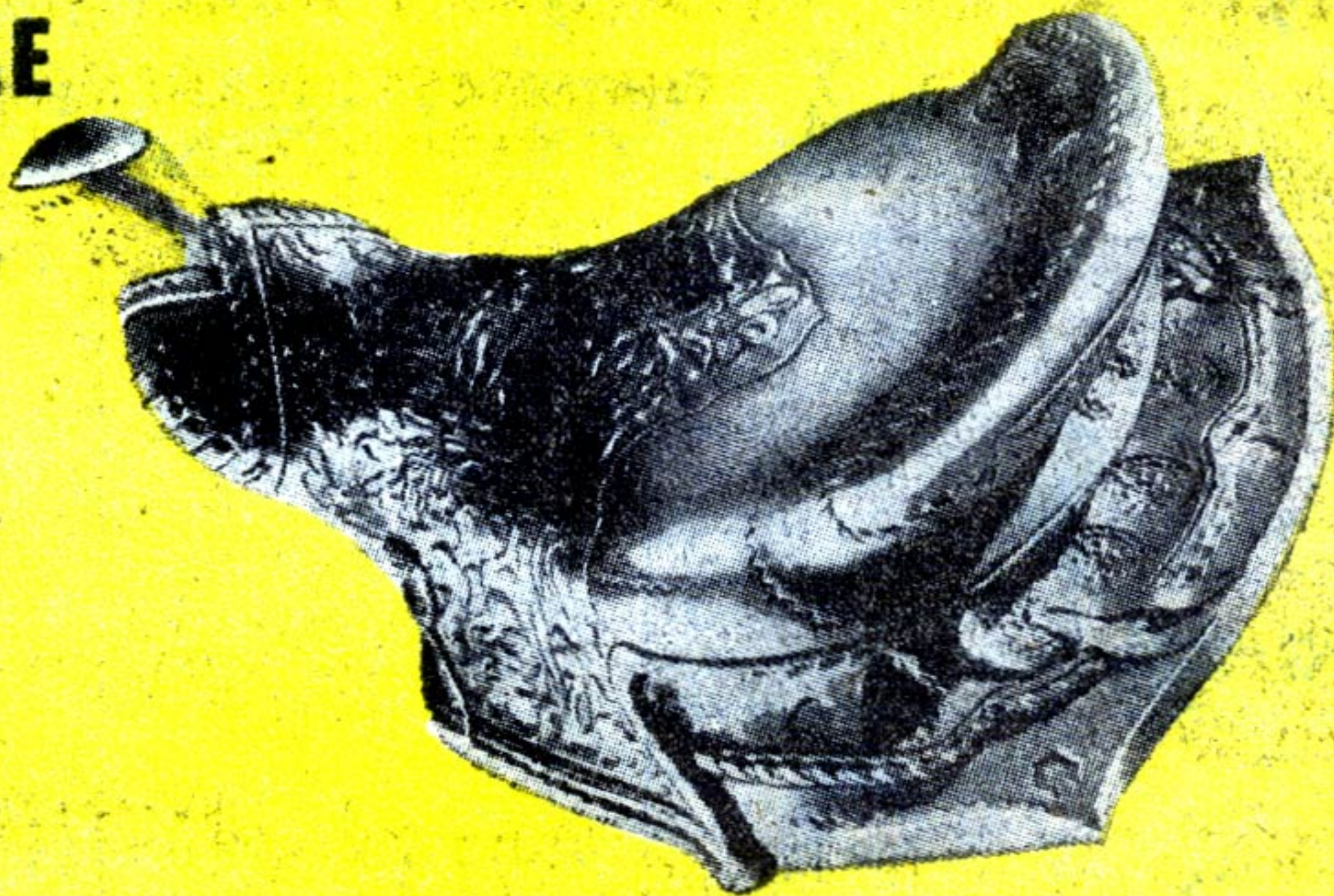


**FITS
ANY
BIKE
OR TRIKE**

BRONCO SADDLE

Watch the family buckaroos glow with pride when they saddle up their realistic Bronco Saddle, designed to fit snugly over any bicycle or tricycle seat. Made of tough but soft vinyl, this richly embossed saddle will give young cowhands years of fun. Packed in individual gift box.

\$2.98



COMPIX, Dept. RH-6 10 Murray St., New York 7, N. Y.

Enclosed you will find \$_____ Please rush:
_____ Bronco Saddles
_____ Horse's Heads

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Add 25¢ for shipping and handling costs. Sorry, No C.O.D. orders.



48 CHILDRENS RECORDINGS

\$2.98



YES! 48 CHILDREN'S RECORDINGS ONLY \$2.98



GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR
against breakage

LOOK AT THIS LIST OF TUNES!

HEAR DEM BELLS
HOME SWEET HOME
GOLDEN SLIPPERS
SONG OF SIX PENCE
HICKORY DICKORY
BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP
DING DONG BELL
POP GOES THE WEASEL
THE MUFFIN MAN
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB
THREE BLIND MICE
TEN LITTLE INDIANS

MULBERRY BUSH
LONDON BRIDGE
FARMER IN DELL
SKIP TO MY LOU
JACK HORNER
LITTLE BOY BLUE
TWINKLE TWINKLE
LAZY MARY
SIMPLE SIMON
HUMPTY DUMPTY
RING ROUND ROSEY
LITTLE TEA POT

LONE PRAIRIE
CHISHOLM TRAIL
RED RIVER VALLEY
COMIN' 'ROUND
THE MOUNTAIN
HOME ON RANGE
WORKIN' ALL DAY
CLEMENTINE
OH SUZANNAH
LITTLE BO PEEP
PEAS PORRIDGE
SAILING, SAILING

OH DEAR!
GREEN GRASS
TISKIT, TASKET
GEORGIE PORGIE
LOOBY LOU
DIXIE
YANKEE DOODLE
FRERE JACQUE
PIPER'S SON
ROW YOUR BOAT
PETER, PETER
JACK SPRATT
JACK & JILL

The kiddies will enjoy many happy hours of music (and Mom and Dad will recall many of their childhood favorites) with this wonderful music-filled album. The 48 Children's Recordings are recorded on 6 long-playing records 'specially made to play on any standard 78 rpm phonograph. There's Westerns, Nursery Rhymes, Hillbilly Tunes, Children's Dances and many more. And best of all, each record comes with a **WRITTEN GUARANTEE** against breakage for a full year. All 48 recordings—only \$2.98.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW! MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

COMPIX, Inc. Dept. RH-6
10 Murray St. New York 7, N.Y.

ENCLOSED IS \$_____. Please send me
_____ sets of 48 CHILDREN'S RECORDINGS at
\$2.98 per set.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NO C.O.D.'s. Canada and foreign orders send \$3.25
postal money order.



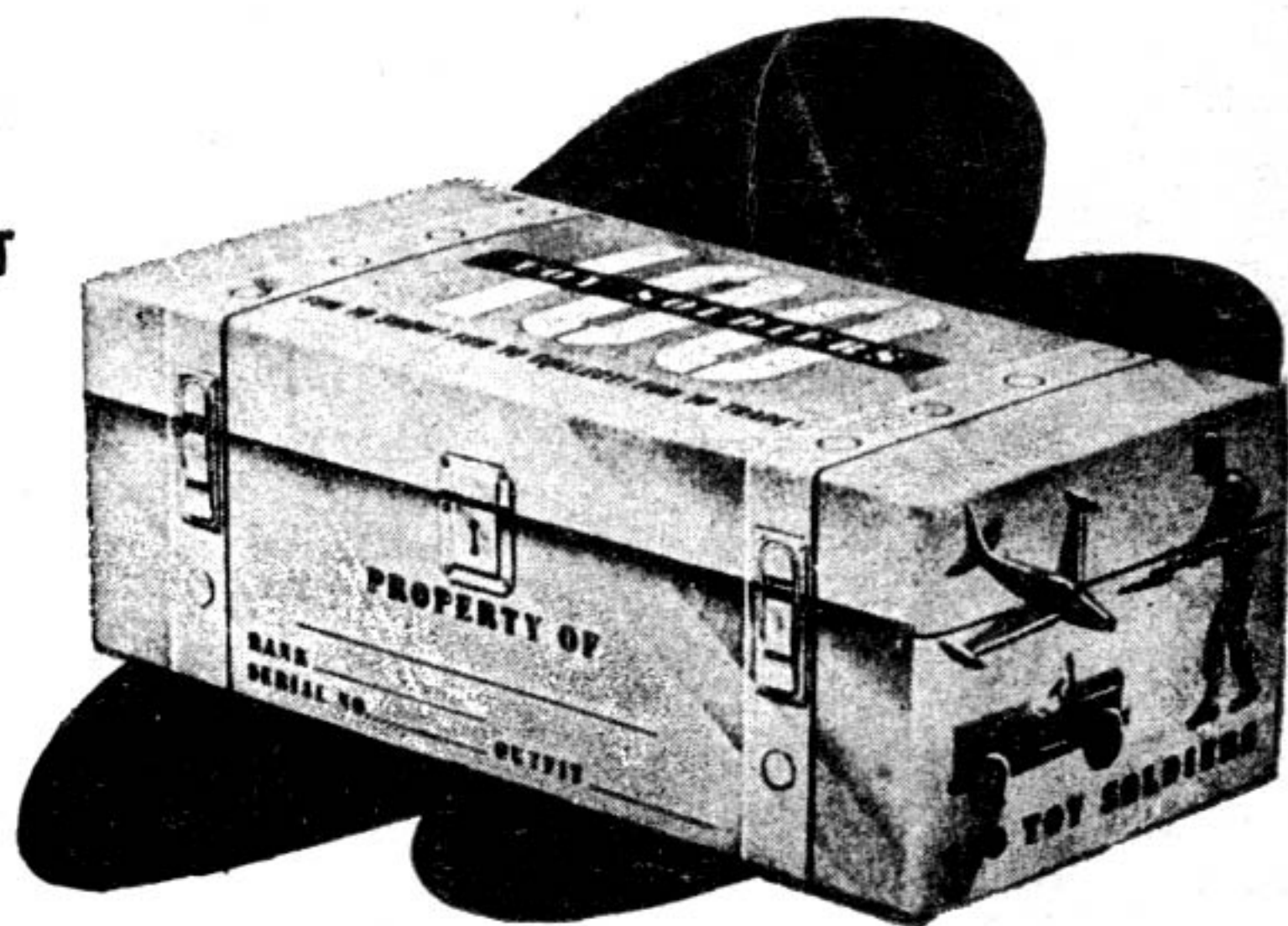
100 TOY SOLDIERS \$1.25



100 TOY SOLDIERS, MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC,
EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4½"!

- ★ FUN TO SHOW
- ★ FUN TO TRADE
- ★ FUN TO COLLECT

PACKED in this FOOTLOCKER
TOY STORAGE BOX



EACH FOOTLOCKER CONTAINS:

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| 4 Tanks | 8 Officers |
| 4 Jeeps | 8 Waves |
| 4 Battleships | 8 Wacs |
| 4 Cruisers | 4 Bombers |
| 4 Sailors | 4 Trucks |
| 4 Riflemen | 8 Jet Planes |
| 8 Machinegunners | 8 Cannon |
| 8 Sharpshooters | 4 Bazookamen |
| 4 Infantrymen | 4 Marksman |

COMPIX, Inc. Dept. RH-6
10 Murray St. New York 7, N.Y.

HERE'S MY \$1.25 !

Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

Name

Address

City State

NO COD'S